THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1898.

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THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: AT HOME.

AN announcement which startled the country, though it ought to have been anticipated, was made on Tuesday morning. It was to the effect that, acting upon the advice of his medical attendant, Lord Salisbury had decided not to return to work at the Foreign Office until he had enjoyed complete rest and change in the South of France, and that, for the present, Mr. Balfour would undertake the management of the business of the Foreign Office. A week ago we pointed out that if Lord Salisbury's health made a visit to the Riviera necessary, it was clearly his duty not to leave the Foreign Office without a responsible head in his absence. Apparently, however, the public at large had either not realised the serious character of Lord Salisbury's indisposition, or had not recognised the impossibility of leaving the Foreign Office without a chief in these critical times. It is fortunate for the country that Lord Salisbury himself had a clearer perception of his duty.

THE news of the Prime Minister's serious illness has been received with deep and universal regret. However much many of us may differ from Lord Salisbury on questions of policy, his personal character and distinguished abilities command the respect of the whole nation, and it is with sincere sorrow that the public has heard the announcement of his failure of health. There seems to be a general belief that his absence from the Foreign Office will not be a short one. He has been trying for months past to do more work than any one man can successfully accomplish, and there can be no doubt that the severity of his illness is due in part to the strain thus put on his nervous system. It does not seem probable, in these circumstances, that his friends will consent to his undertaking once more a task which has already proved too heavy for him, and a change in the Foreign Secretaryship seems to be imminent.

LORD ROSEBERY made a most salutary speech—on a higher plane than the rest of the speakers—at the dinner of the Associated Chambers of Commerce on Wednesday evening last. The dinner, partly owing to a rather bellicose speech from Lord Charles Beresford, had tended, as Lord Rosebery remarked, to resolve itself into a "convivial council of war." Lord Rosebery, however, took occasion to remind his audience that effective national defence imply more than the army or the fleet; unless fair dealing and statesmanship are behind them they exist in vain. After a tribute to the knowledge of foreign affairs and the patriotic purpose of Lord Salisbury, he suggested as a simple test of the war policy, the commercial phrase "for value received." We have not had a great war for forty years, and have forgotten what it means. If we were to have another, he said, we should at least be ready to ask ourselves whether the risks and sacrifices of it would be "for value received." Lord Rosebery has added a new phrase to the language of politics, and at the same time given a salutary warning in favour of preserving peace. If wars are to be commercial speculations, let them at least be likely to pay.

THE proceedings in the House of Commons during the week have been unusually dull, considering that we are still in the early, and in what is generally the busiest, part of the session. The liveliest debate which has taken place since we last wrote was that raised by Mr. Edmund Robertson yesterday week on the Navy estimates. Mr. Robertson drew attention to the serious fact that during last year there was a great deficiency in the execution of the naval programme announced and authorised twelve months ago. How serious that failure is may be gathered from the fact that it amounts to thirty per cent. in shipbuilding, and to no less than seventy-five per cent. in permanent works. The deficiency in shipbuilding was in part excused by Mr. Goschen on the ground of the troubles in the engineering trade. No such excuse applies to the still heavier deficiency in the works programme. Mr. Robertson did well to call attention to this startling failure on the part of the Board of Admiralty to do its duty, nor was he without justification for his animadversion upon the action of the Admiralty with regard to the contractors who failed to carry out their contracts owing to the labour disputes. We have never concealed our own opinion as to the merits of the great engineering strike and lock-out; but, however completely the masters were in the right in that dispute, the Government was bound to take every possible step in order to ensure the fulfilment of contracts which affected the safety and the welfare of the State.

ON Monday Mr. Chamberlain made a general statement with regard to the West Indies and the proposals the Government intended to make in order to meet the existing crisis. Negotiations, he stated, were going on between this country, the United States, and the Dominion of Canada, which,

it was hoped, might result in a reciprocity arrangement by which West Indian products would be admitted to the American market. Such an arrangement would be of great benefit to the sugar interest, and would amount to something like a bounty on the sugar exported from the West Indies to the United States. The demands of the American Government were, however, rather serious, and it was impossible, accordingly, to say at present whether the arrangement could be completed. In these circumstances he asked for a grant of a hundred and twenty thousand pounds to assist the West India Islands, in some of which the people had been reduced almost to starvation point. In the discussion which followed Mr. Buxton and Sir Edward Grey supported the proposals of the Government, whilst they were opposed by a number of unofficial Liberals. In the end, Mr. Chamberlain's proposals were adopted by a large majority.

On Tuesday Mr. Chaplin brought in his Bill for amending the law with respect to vaccination. So far as can be gathered, it is a useful and salutary measure, which ought to command the approval of reasonable people. The Bill happily maintains the principle of compulsory vaccination, but does not allow a parent to be prosecuted more than twice for refusing to permit his child to be vaccinated. It provides that the public vaccinators shall attend at the homes of the children to be vaccinated, and that no parents shall be required to submit their children for vaccination by means of anything but calf-lymph. The remainder of the sitting on Tuesday was occupied with the discussion of a resolution moved by Mr. Herbert Roberts, and supported by Sir Robert Reid, in favour of granting a large measure of self-government to different parts of the United Kingdom. Mr. D. A. Thomas moved an amendment asserting the claim of Ireland to the prior consideration by Parliament of a measure of Home Rule. In the course of the debate Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman spoke in support of the original resolution, though he admitted that the case of Ireland differed from that of any other part of the kingdom. Mr. Balfour threw ridicule both upon resolution and amendment, and the House showed its interest in the whole subject by allowing a count-out during the dinner-hour.

On Wednesday afternoon the House of Commons rejected, by 180 votes to 116, a Bill for introducing into our legal procedure a Court of Criminal Appeal on questions of fact. The opposition was based partly on the cumbrousness of the machinery proposed, and partly on the supposed danger of weakening the sense of responsibility with which judges and juries are supposed to be endowed by the knowledge that their decisions can only be reversed by the irregular interference of the Home Office; while it was further pointed out that the poor man unjustly convicted would find the expense of an appeal which was to involve two stages almost an impassable barrier in his way. Moreover, it was urged that it would be inhuman, though logical, to permit sentences to be increased on appeal, and inhuman also to inflict capital punishment on an unsuccessful appellant against conviction for murder after the long suspense involved by retrial. It is satisfactory to learn from the authority of two Home Secretaries that very few cases require retrial; but still there are a few, and we cannot but regret that the House did not affirm the principle that there should be some means of obtaining a revision of unjust convictions other than the imperfectly recognised and irregular intervention of the Home Office.

On Thursday the House of Commons voted a sum of two and a half millions for new public offices in Parliament Street and West Kensington (where the Post Office Savings Bank is shortly to have its headquarters located), new buildings in the City for the Post Office, and the proper housing of the collections at South Kensington. There will be a set-off against this of about a million pounds derived from the sale of old sites. The gain to London will be so enormous, and the danger to the priceless collections at South Kensington is now so serious, that even sympathisers with the grievances of Ireland may be excused for having failed to join in Mr. Dillon's protest. Subsequently the House passed the second reading of the Mercantile Marine Fund Bill, rejecting an amendment moved by Mr. T. G. Bowles for putting the charges for lighthouses and lightships on the general expenditure of the country, and referred the Bill to the Standing Committee on Trade, where it will probably undergo considerable amendment in detail.

The first meeting of the new London County Council was held on Tuesday. Dr. Collins, the retiring Chairman, presided at the beginning of the proceedings. Mr. McKinnon Wood was elected Chairman during the coming year, Lord Welby being elected Vice-Chairman, and Mr. H. P. Harris, a member of the Moderate party, Deputy-Chairman. Ten aldermen were elected to serve for a term of six years. These consisted of two Labour representatives, two representatives of the Moderate party, and six Progressives. Before the meeting was held, the Progressive party had decided to take a more conciliatory course than it had at first intended to pursue, and it invited the Moderate party to nominate the Deputy-Chairman and two of the aldermen. The result was that the proceedings passed off most harmoniously.

The annual banquet of Irish Nationalists in celebration of St. Patrick's Day, which was held at the Hôtel Cecil on Thursday evening, derived a special interest from the letter of sympathy and advice from Mr. Gladstone which was read by the Chairman, Mr. John Dillon, M.P. Mr. Gladstone reminded the Home Rulers of Ireland that their cause was in their own hands. "If Ireland is disunited, her cause so long remains hopeless; if she knows her own mind and is one in spirit, that cause is irresistible." Mr. Dillon added a warning—never more needful than at the present moment—that the peace now prevailing in Ireland was merely "the calm before the storm." Mr. Blake urged reorganisation of the Nationalist forces and a persistence in the path of constitutional agitation; and Mr. William O'Brien once more pointed out that Home Rule is demanded not as a favour but as a right.

What is to be done with juvenile offenders? In Europe, America, and Australia alike, their number is on the increase—presumably in consequence of the break-up of family life that results from the growth of towns: and by general consent it is undesirable to brand them as criminals by sending them to prison. The Howard Association has therefore done good service by issuing a circular of inquiry addressed to magistrates, chief constables, heads of reformatory and industrial schools, and other competent advisers. The replies show a general aversion from imprisonment, while it is pointed out that reformatories have been somewhat overdone, and have not been kept distinct in character from industrial schools. Reformatories, it is urged, should only be used on a second conviction; and some of the replies prefer training-ships. (One magistrate even suggests fishing vessels and the mercantile marine; but it is hard to imagine any place where a bad boy would receive worse usage, physically or morally.) Fines are useless, as they fall on the parents, though the latter sometimes take their revenge on the children in a way that is not likely to be beneficial. As for whipping—which, by the way, we believe is

a punishment now confined to Christian peoples, in consequence of a too literal interpretation of King Solomon's recommendation of "the rod"—a majority of the replies seem to favour it, though only as an alternative to imprisonment.

On this subject—apart from sentiment—a word may perhaps be added to the replies given to the Association. Whipping of any sort is a terribly unequal punishment, and one which tells far the most severely on the least hardened offenders. If kept in reserve for the gravest offences and made disgraceful it may to some extent act as a deterrent; if made too cheap, as it was in most public schools thirty or forty years ago, it is absolutely no deterrent at all. And we can hardly suppose that any of the authors of the replies intend to advise it for naughty girls. As an alternative to the imprisonment of boys for really grave or dangerous offences—like theft, or gross cruelty, or wanton and serious mischief—it may be the least bad of possible punishments. But we confess we should be more inclined to trust to "truant" or "day industrial" schools, and to those preventive and educational measures on which, quite rightly, the chief stress is laid in the report. Boys' clubs and healthy forms of amusement are the right thing to keep active boys with waste energy from becoming "scuttlers" and "hoodlums," and the moral atmosphere that grows up as schools improve may partly check their desire to get into mischief.

Mr. Sidney Webb's speech for the deputation of the State Children's Aid Association to the Metropolitan Asylums Board was as conciliatory as it was terse and convincing. In laying before the Board the desirability of obtaining powers to co-opt upon the Children's Committee men and women experienced with children and interested in educational questions, he pointed to the Technical Education Board as an instance in which a like experiment had been found by the County Council to work admirably. The advice of the outsiders co-opted had, he said, often been of great value, but of even greater value had been the effect of their presence in inspiring confidence and helping to keep things straight. Nor had there ever been the least friction. In suggesting also the aid of Local Committees in managing the institutions which the Metropolitan Asylums Board are about to establish, attention was drawn to the fact that at King's Norton and elsewhere the guardians had already accepted the co-operation of local bodies, so that such a step would not be any startling innovation.

Both proposals are of the utmost importance. The increasing complexity of our civilisation adds daily to the tension of human life, and creates new dangers for childhood itself. Hand in hand with the new complexity and the new danger comes the development of a wider and deeper educational ideal, and a more exact physiological knowledge. Yet unconscious tragedies are still enacted when human love, even parental love, is crippled by ignorance or blinded by tradition; nor will earnest and efficient guardians be likely to deny that if the wisdom of parents is liable to limitation, they themselves are not infallible. Of all the civic trusts committed to the State, that of the children is, perhaps, the greatest, for in their lives is hidden a national heritage which may either poison and corrupt, or enrich and strengthen, the future of this vast empire.

ABROAD.

The excitement of last week over the Far Eastern Question has been followed by a comparative calm and cessation of newspaper polemics. It was reported indeed, last Saturday, that our Ambassador at Peking had protested, in the name of the British Government, against the proposed cession of Port Arthur to Russia, "as tending to destroy the balance of power in the East." The phrase is inapplicable, and the news has since been contradicted, much to the chagrin of some of our own Chauvinists; but the transfer of the negotiations on the subject from Peking to St. Petersburg gives an interval for reflection, during which, we trust, calmer views will prevail. Of course, with Russia at Port Arthur, France demanding a coaling-station in the South at Kwangtung or in Hainan, Japan—most probably—only awaiting the conclusion of her general election to make some forward movement, and Prince Henry at last arrived at Kiao-Chau, the impulse of the average Briton is to demand that England shall also have her share in the territorial spoils of the Celestial Empire, or shall at least take steps to prevent Russia obtaining such a share as will threaten her ascendency in the future. As we point out on a later page, we think that fear on this point is still premature.

The news from the United States this week has been a curious mixture of pacific assurances with announcements of active preparation for war. The United States Government has purchased ironclads in Europe, has taken preliminary steps to collect a fleet of armed merchant cruisers, and has even ordered non-combatants to leave the forts at Sandy Hook. The Spanish Government has failed to purchase a Chilian ironclad, and is said to be preparing to equip Transatlantic steamers as commerce destroyers—which does not seem a very hopeful enterprise—and to lay a cable from Spain to Cuba. On the other hand, excitement in New York, in spite of some silly demonstrations, is calming down, and it seems to be hoped that an early adjournment of Congress will give the Executive a free hand. But the report on the *Maine* disaster—which is evidently being postponed as long as possible—may bring up the public feeling again; though this probably depends on the way Spain takes it, quite as much as on the American public. The best hope for peace and for the future of Cuba seems to be that the present uncertainty should be prolonged. Every day decreases Spain's ability to begin a resistance which is in any case doomed to failure, and though the new *régime* of "autonomy" seems to have very scanty prospects of success, its failure will be a further reason why Spain should not fight to retain the island; and it is possible that the diplomatic representations as to the interference of the American preparations with the success of the Spanish proposals are meant to cover a Spanish retreat. Indeed, suggestions of a pacific solution—by arbitration or otherwise—are beginning to be published even in Spain.

The withdrawal of the German naval force from Crete presumably marks the beginning of the extrication of that unhappy island from the plight in which it has been kept for nearly a year and three-quarters by the mutual jealousies of the Great Powers of the Continent. The other Powers of the Concert, it is now understood, are agreed in their approval of Prince George's candidature; and Germany, whose government is above all things pedantically legalitarian, marks her sense of propriety and logic by withdrawing from a position in which she has done nothing but harm. Greece has had her lesson, and Russia adopts the solution which Philhellenes would have gladly seen adopted a year ago. The execution is to be left to Russia, France, and England—another excellent reason why we should keep cool about Port Arthur and the Niger.

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy Bryant & May's Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

THE incompatibilities which have to be reconciled by a thoroughgoing policy of Protectionism have seldom been more amusingly exhibited than they were in the German Reichstag on Saturday last. The Bill for increasing the subsidies to the German mail services to the East and Australia was under discussion, and the Agrarians supported an amendment forbidding the steamers on their homeward voyage to carry grain, dairy produce, or wool to any German or Dutch port. It was pointed out that the textile manufacturers of Germany wanted far more wool than the native flocks could supply, and that agricultural protection would mean higher wages, and so hamper the growing industries of the empire. But the Agrarians were obdurate, and so far succeeded that a request was inserted in the Bill to the effect that a clause should be introduced into the mail contract inviting the Executive to prohibit the steamers from carrying any agricultural produce whatever on the homeward voyage which can compete with German growths. Thus the Reichstag gives a subsidy because the service is unprofitable, and cuts away sources of profit simultaneously. Two Hamburg lines, it may be noted, were already in the Eastern trade—one running an unsubsidised fortnightly service. As the result of the Bill, they have arranged with the subsidised company to withdraw their steamers, so that, though the subsidised service is better, there are actually fewer departures than before.

THE week just past has comprised the anniversaries of the definite commencements in Germany, Austria, and Italy of that Central European revolution—set up by the overthrow of Louis Philippe—which was the first definite assertion of those principles of constitutional freedom and national unity which only two of the nations in question have as yet succeeded in realising. It was on March 13th, 1848, that the Provincial Estates of Austria were compelled by the irruption of the populace into their Chamber to demand a constitution from the incompetent Emperor Ferdinand, and force the resignation of Prince Metternich. It was their action that secured the union of the Magyar race in its demand for a Hungarian Constitution, and stimulated the Czechs to demand the restoration of the Bohemian kingdom. It was from the 13th to the 18th of March that the disturbances in Berlin took place which resulted in the promise of a Constitution for Prussia and the acceptance of a German Parliament at Frankfort-on-the-Main by her king. It was on the 18th that the people of Milan expelled the Austrian troops under Marshal Radetzky, and so stimulated King Humbert's grandfather to come to their aid. Italy and Germany had to wait twenty-two years, Hungary nineteen years, for the realisation of their respective hopes. Bohemia's still await achievement.

THE meeting of the Austrian Reichsrath next Monday will hardly find the outlook much improved by the change of Ministry. The German obstructionists are as obstructive as ever, and any support that the Ministry may receive will only be given in return for concessions to Clerical and Nationalist groups. This is not favourable to the prospect of the passage of the financial arrangement with Hungary within the next six weeks. It is possible, therefore, that the Reichsrath may be adjourned, and the financial arrangement laid before the provincial Diets to secure some sort of formal approval of it on the part of the Austrian people. But this will make it so clear that the Reichsrath can be dispensed with that the cause of "Federalism"—or, rather, Home Rule all round—will be practically won.

WE write on the eve of an engagement—which we trust may be decisive of the Soudan campaign. Since Saturday last a large Dervish force has been moving northward from Shendy to attack Berber. On Tuesday it had reached the Atbara, and skirmishes took place with our advanced posts, with eminently satisfactory results to us. The engagement seems likely to take place either on the Atbara or just below its junction with the Nile. Our troops are reported to be in excellent spirits, and there is every prospect that any success will be effectively followed up by river as well as by land.

THERE is a grave prospect of further trouble in South Africa. The renewed repudiation of British suzerainty which is probably contained in Mr. Kruger's last despatch—which, he has stated this week, is "to show that we are a government"—the subordination of the judiciary to the President, the increasing attention to the defences of Johannesburg, and the mission of Dr. Leyds to Europe, are all ominous of a coming struggle. Mr. Rhodes has reappeared in the political arena; and though he gives utterance afresh to the perfectly justifiable demands of the Uitlanders, the proceedings at the Congress of the Afrikander Bond last month indicate that his action is likely to intensify the racial antagonism between English and Dutch at the Cape. And as ex-Chief Justice Kotze is a Cape Dutchman, we need not suppose that the manner in which he has been treated will excite much sympathy for him among the electorate of the Transvaal, or that there will be any feeling for "the independence of the judiciary" among a people without abstract ideas.

LITERATURE, etc.

THE *Modern Quarterly of Language and Literature* (J. M. Dent & Co.) is a transformation of the organ of the Modern Language Association which was started last year, and which now appeals in a new form and under an altered title to scholars and students of modern European literature as well as educationists. There is a section on modern language teaching, for the benefit of the latter, which promises to be valuable to parents and guardians; there is plenty of matter interesting to specialist students; and there is a provision for the general reader in the shape of a really scholarly as well as readable article on Daudet by Mr. Charles Whibley, and a character-sketch accompanying a portrait of Dr. F. J. Furnivall. The last-named article states that it was Cory, the famous Eton master, who directed to literature the student who has done so much to make its Early English treasures accessible.

"A CENTURY OF AMERICAN STATESMEN" is the title of a new series under the editorship of Prof. Moses C. Tyler, of Cornell University (G. P. Putnam's Sons). Starting with Jefferson's inauguration in 1801, it naturally leaves out Washington and the elder Adams, but contains nearly all the Presidents after that date—even Franklin Pierce; and a number of less familiar names from Gallatin to Carl Schurz. It is to be completed in four volumes. Messrs. Putnam also announce another instalment of Prof. Tyler's "Literary History of the American Republic," covering the first half-century of its independence, and "Jewish Life after the Exile," by Prof. T. K. Cheyne, which will deal, amongst other subjects, with the attractiveness of Judaism for foreigners, and its relation to Greece, Persia, and Babylon.

OBITUARY.

SIR HENRY BESSEMER was an ingenious and versatile inventor, famous throughout the world as the parent of the process which has revolutionised the manufacture of steel and has

made possible the heavy traffic of modern railways.—Sir Richard Quain was one of the ablest and most popular physicians of his time—the director and editor of a great encyclopædia of medicine, and the promoter of many measures for the improvement of the public health. His name is specially connected with the suppression of the cattle plague in 1865.—The Right Hon. J. T. Ball, LL.D., Lord Chancellor of Ireland during the Disraeli Ministry of 1874–1880, was an eminent legal authority (especially on ecclesiastical subjects) and a historian of Ireland and the Irish Church.—Sir William Fraser, K.C.B., LL.D., for many years Deputy Keeper of the Records of Scotland, was a well-known antiquarian and authority on Scottish genealogy.—M. Zacharias Topelius was the great name of contemporary Finnish literature, and the maintainer of its traditions as poet, novelist, and folk-lorist.—Mr. Aubrey Beardsley was a young artist of exceptional talent, which, unfortunately, was directed mainly to the expression of *fin de-siècle* decadence.

LORD SALISBURY.

LORD SALISBURY has acted very wisely in yielding, however reluctantly, to the urgent representations of his family and friends and in consenting to leave public affairs alone—at all events during his stay in the South of France. A week ago we pointed out in these pages the impossibility of allowing a statesman who was both Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary to quit the country at such a critical time as the present without providing a substitute to take his place in his absence. It would have been nothing less than criminal if Lord Salisbury had done this. Fortunately, his own strong feeling of patriotism has prompted him to take the only judicious and honourable course. What is to be regretted, and regretted deeply, by men of all parties, is the fact that it is owing to a renewed failure of health that he has felt himself compelled to take this step. Lord Salisbury has many opponents—men who are opposed to him resolutely on almost all the questions which are now before the public. But we believe we speak the simple truth when we say that he has no enemies. "I love Mr. Gladstone; but I hate his policy," were the words in which the late Poet Laureate once summed up his political opinions. Lord Salisbury cannot, perhaps, be regarded as one of the men who inspire a widespread love among their fellow-creatures. He is too little known to the bulk even of his own supporters, he is too fond of withdrawing into his own shell to be able to command the general feeling of personal affection which a man of greater natural magnetism would enjoy. But at least it must be said that even those who are the strongest opponents of his policy feel for him a high degree of personal respect and regard. It is with real sorrow that the country has heard of his failing health, and both parties will unite in the sincere wish that a man of so many brilliant qualities, and of such unspotted private character, may before long be fully restored. It is quite certain that he will take with him to the Riviera the warmest wishes of the nation for his complete recovery from the malady to which he has fallen a victim.

We are not going to write an epitaph upon the Prime Minister, because we hope and believe that it will be long before he retires finally from the scene. But at this crisis it is well that men of all parties should remember that, whatever may have been the faults of his foreign policy, he undoubtedly possessed certain conspicuous virtues which were never of greater value than at the present moment. All through his career at the Foreign Office, during this Premiership, he has been most conspicuously the friend of peace. No more honourable title could be bestowed upon any man in such a position as his. He is entitled to the gratitude of his fellow-countrymen of all classes for the manner in which, through good and evil report, he has stood by the sacred cause of peace and turned a deaf ear to the howlings of the Jingo mob. On the other hand, however, he has, at times, in his very devotion to the cause of peace, pursued a policy of a very dangerous kind. To his critics it has seemed that he was too ready to make needless and costly concessions, too weak in his resistance to the aggressive demands of other Powers, too willing to "let things slide" rather than allow trouble to arise concerning them. Rightly or wrongly, the impression has got abroad, not only in this country, but among Continental nations, that he was not only for peace, but for peace at any price, and that, consequently, he might be bullied and tricked with impunity by our foreign rivals. Things are not always what they seem, and it is too soon as yet to say finally whether this impression of Lord Salisbury's character is accurate or the reverse. But the mere fact that the impression existed accounts for many of his failures as Foreign Minister. It accounts also for much of his recent unpopularity among his own followers. His special misfortune during the last few weeks or months has been that he has had to contend, not only against enemies abroad, but against foes in what may properly be described as his own household. No one can doubt that there is at least one member of the Cabinet who is almost openly the advocate of war. This particular Minister, if he were to be allowed his own way, would in all probability embroil us in a great European conflict within a couple of months. Lord Salisbury has succeeded in checkmating him up to the present moment; but his own failing nerve seem to have exhausted itself in this effort. He had little spirit left for the stubborn contest with the acute diplomatists of Russia and the decidedly aggressive representatives of the Colonial policy of France.

The choice of Mr. Balfour as the temporary successor of the Foreign Secretary makes one thing clear. That is that the spirit in which our foreign policy will be administered in the future will still be the spirit of Lord Salisbury. This is a fact which ought to rejoice the heart of Liberals. To have the pacific policy of Lord Salisbury entrusted to the hands of someone whose nervous system has not been ruined by years of sedentary application is almost an ideal solution of the Cabinet difficulty. Mr. Balfour has, of course, still to be tried as a Foreign Minister, and we are not at all sure that if he were actual Foreign Secretary his course would be one of which Liberals could approve. But as the *locum tenens* of his uncle—to whom he is so deeply and sincerely devoted—he will, we imagine, confine himself to the faithful execution of a policy already marked out for him. The difference will be that he will bring to the discharge of his duties nerves unshaken, and a firmness of will which has not been broken by ill-health and growing infirmities. Probably he cares very little for the good wishes of his opponents. He has always been inclined to a disdainful cynicism when dealing with those who do not happen to see eye to eye with himself upon questions of domestic politics. But whether he cares for it or not, he will at least have the "God speed" of many Liberals in his embarkation upon a task of great difficulty and delicacy at a most critical moment in the history of the nation. It is one of our popular traditions that foreign affairs ought not to be mixed up with

the struggles of political parties. There never was a time at which it was more necessary to abide by this honourable and wholesome tradition than the present. We trust, therefore, that, in setting out upon his new task, Mr. Balfour will be able to count upon the loyal support of all parties in the House of Commons and of all classes among her Majesty's subjects.

There is one aspect of Lord Salisbury's breakdown, temporary though it may be, which cannot be passed over in silence. The Prime Minister has, at length, shown that those among his political opponents who declared that no man could justly or properly hold simultaneously the two great posts of Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary were absolutely right in their opinion. It is a pity that the accuracy of their view should have been established in a manner so melancholy. But the pathos of Lord Salisbury's breakdown does not make it the less necessary that its moral should be apprehended by the nation. It is simply impossible that in these days one man should successfully discharge the duties of the two high offices held by Lord Salisbury. This is not a moment at which we care to dwell upon the price that the public, or even his own party, have had to pay for the not ignoble ambition that led Lord Salisbury to take upon himself a burden greater than that which any man could hope to bear with success. We must content ourselves, for the present, by pointing to the price which Lord Salisbury himself has had to pay, and by renewing the expression of our sincere regret that such a penalty should have been exacted from him by inexorable Nature.

SECOND THOUGHTS ON PORT ARTHUR.

THE transfer to St. Petersburg of the negotiations between the Russian and the Chinese Governments gives the rest of the world leisure for calm reflection on the nature and effect of the Russian demands. The report that our Ambassador at Peking had protested against the proposed cession of Port Arthur to Russia on the ground that it would "disturb the balance of power in the East" appears, on consideration, to be intrinsically improbable, even without the official contradiction that has followed. There is no "balance of power" in the East, but merely a decrepit Empire, with a number of active spectators of its decay, eager for territory and ready to appropriate as much as possible of the spoil. There is a natural temptation, of course, to take part in the scramble, even though it be only by demanding fresh naval bases or railway concessions, or both. But there is a temptation also to exaggerate the menace to our own commerce which is involved in the advance of rival nations. Europe has gone back so completely to eighteenth-century economics, and we have heard so much of trade wars and protected markets, that we are apt to forget that commerce is, after all, essentially a consolidating and not a disruptive force. We are tempted to suppose that Russia's presence in Manchuria must of necessity mean our total exclusion from the benefits of a development which we are not ourselves prepared to undertake. We are tempted also to regard her occupation of Port Arthur as a direct menace to our commerce, because from it she seems likely to be able to threaten both the Chinese Empire and foreign settlements and squadrons in the Chinese Seas. We cannot, therefore, feel surprised that a number of Ministerial members of the House of Commons have yielded to the impulse to protest against the Russian control of Manchuria and to urge the Government to take active steps to prevent, at all costs, a Russian occupation of Port Arthur.

The most that can be said for such a course has been said this week in the columns of the *Times* by Mr. Colquhoun and Sir William Des Vœux. Port Arthur, they point out, is a ready-made citadel, requiring only guns to make it the Gibraltar or Sebastopol of the East. Within four years, Mr. Colquhoun predicts, the trans-Siberian railway will be completed to Vladivostok. Within six years, the trans-Manchurian railway will give direct communication by rail from St. Petersburg to Port Arthur. The Russian Government will then be able to secure China in her own time, and meanwhile to threaten European commerce with China from an impregnable position, commanding the whole of the Gulf of Pechili and serving as "a place of arms" whence to attack Japan or even Hong Kong, or to destroy English commerce in the Chinese seas, or to cut off the trade of Shanghai.

The view is plausible, but our second thoughts on the subject of Port Arthur only strengthen our former conclusions. To threaten maritime commerce, after all, you must either conquer China by land or have a large fleet in Chinese seas. The very paralysis of the central government of China affords an effective obstacle to conquest. The provinces, naturally hostile as some of them are to one another, will be still more hostile as the last vestiges of central control disappear; and this inter-provincial hostility will combine with the general hostility to the foreigner as an influence adverse to foreign aggression. We cannot, therefore, assume the uniform control of China by Russia, or its uniform hostility to us in the event of an Anglo-Russian struggle in the East. And we hardly suppose that the most alarmist of our Jingoes will maintain that Russia will build battleships on the Manchurian coast. Hence, reinforcements for the Russian fleet in Chinese waters in war time would have to pass by Aden and Singapore, and within easy reach of Hong Kong. Need we be much alarmed at the possible action of a squadron thus cut off from increase, and whose ships would have to come six hundred miles from Port Arthur to interfere with our commerce at Shanghai, and sixteen hundred to attack Hong Kong? And further, it has always seemed to us that a great deal too much is made of the trans-Siberian railway, whether as a military road or a highway of commerce. A single line of rails, more than four thousand miles long, and passing for at least half that distance through a country hardly more thickly populated than the American North-West, exposed to snow-blocks and "wash-outs," to extremes of cold and heat, and with great engineering difficulties which cannot be so overcome as to make the working anything but slow and costly, is a very slender thread on which to hang the war-power of a nation in one quarter of the globe. To suppose that the trans-Siberian railway will have any function for years to come but that of developing Siberia, or the trans-Manchurian railway any but that of developing Manchuria, is surely to tax our credulity overmuch.

We fervently trust, therefore, that our Government will be cool and reasonable. We are not prepared to open up Manchuria ourselves. It is improbable that anyone can do it effectively but Russia. We have always allowed that Russia has excellent reasons for demanding an ice-free terminus for the line that is to open up Siberia. The presence of a civilised Government—however that Government may shut out other nations' trade, which it cannot do without annexation, and can only do imperfectly then—inevitably makes openings for traders,

for banking, above all, for capital; and Russia cannot supply the need. It is tolerably certain that for a considerable time the foreign traders in Manchuria will be largely German, the capital largely English. Is it worth fighting to avert this result? And, even though Russia were to shut non-Russian goods out of Manchurian markets, is it so certain that she could keep them out, with the alternative before her of two routes—first over between three and four thousand miles of railway, and secondly by steamer from a Black Sea port? And finally, if Russia really wants to threaten our Eastern Empire, she has a simpler method at hand in the acquisition of Persia. But if this danger is illusory—as for forty years has been the opinion of English Governments—surely it is waste of nerve-force to be alarmed about Manchuria. Our business is to secure our treaty rights in China, and leave our commerce to private enterprise. To secure those rights the means are threefold. We must obtain satisfactory assurances from Russia. We must not weaken the effect of our policy by joining the general scramble for territory. And we must secure adequate guarantees that Russian assurances will not be departed from in the future by strengthening our fleet in Chinese waters and the defences of Singapore and Hong Kong.

AN ANGLO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE.

AMID all the stormy portents that have filled the sky of late there has been just one rift of blue. The people of this country were agreeably surprised to learn last week that much was being said in New York as to a possible alliance between Great Britain and the United States. The suggestion of such an alliance was said to have come from this side of the Atlantic; but the really important fact was that, instead of being repudiated or treated with scorn in America, it was seriously discussed and heartily welcomed. Now the English public knows nothing of any such proposal having been made by our Government. The Foreign Office keeps its secrets—only too well sometimes—and Mr. Curzon, when he was questioned on this subject on Monday evening, declined to say anything. For our part, we are scarcely prepared to believe that Lord Salisbury can have been bold enough to make such a proposal as that which has been discussed in the American Press. If he has done so, we believe that the majority of Englishmen will feel that he has deserved well of his country and the world, and most Liberals, at all events, will be inclined to forgive him a great deal for the sake of this wise and statesmanlike act. It is probable, however, that the recent speculations in America are founded upon mere rumours; and that they are due to the very natural feeling of anxiety with which the Americans, like every other sane people, regard the prospect of a possible war. But whatever may be the truth as to the origin of these discussions, the really important fact is the spirit in which they have been carried on in the United States. Nothing more hopeful or inspiring than that spirit has been seen in connection with political affairs for many a long day. We have been accustomed of late to find any question that affected this country treated in a spirit the reverse of friendly on the other side of the Atlantic. No doubt it is true, as we are so often told, that the feeling of unfriendliness towards Great Britain which too frequently finds expression in the American Press is not shared by the better portion of the American people. Of that fact, all of us who know anything at all upon the subject must, indeed, be aware. But whilst we have comforted ourselves under demonstrations of American ill-will with this knowledge, we have at the same time been warned by many of our best friends in the United States that there is a large party there animated by a deadly hatred of this country, and that, in certain conceivable circumstances, this party might be able to snatch control of the foreign policy of the Republic, and to bring about a war between the two nations.

It is a delightful thing to know that, for the moment at least, this anti-British party in America is not so much silent as active in its support of an Anglo-American agreement. Some of the newspapers which have discussed most approvingly the idea of an alliance between the two countries are those which were loudest in anti-British demonstrations two years ago. Nowhere, so far as we know, has a word been said against the suggestion that the two great branches of the English race should enter into a friendly union. This seems to us to be a very distinct gain for the cause of peace throughout the world. So far as Englishmen are concerned, it need not be said that their dearest wish is to live on terms of goodwill and friendship with the people of America. In that dark Christmas season of 1895, when we were stunned by the sudden explosion of an unsuspected and inexplicable feeling of hatred towards us in America, no attempt was made on this side of the Atlantic to conceal the true state of our feelings towards our assailants. We were cut to the quick by the thought that a nation towards which we entertained feelings of brotherly affection, and with whom we regarded a serious quarrel as being almost sacrilegious, should have harboured so very different a feeling towards ourselves. In those days, when the peace of the world hung upon a thread, it is satisfactory to know that not a word was uttered in this country that was calculated to inflame the controversy in which we found ourselves so suddenly involved. It was grief and amazement, not rage, that moved us under the storm of hatred which without an instant's warning had swept down upon us from the West. If any Americans imagined that the manner in which we met the direct provocations we then received was due to any lack of national spirit or fibre, they had not long to wait before being undeceived. Hardly had the severest stress of the situation caused by President Cleveland's message been relieved than we found ourselves confronted by a much smaller provocation, offered by a nation much nearer to us, and from a military point of view much more formidable, than the United States. The self-control we had maintained under the cruel blow we had received from our kinsmen in America disappeared instantly when we found that the German Emperor had taken up an attitude of apparent hostility to us. It was by something like a miracle that a war between this country and Germany was then avoided.

The mere remembrance of these facts must convince Americans that there is in this country the most sincere desire for the permanent union of the two nations. For many a year past such a union has been dreamt of and longed for by the best men in both countries. The statesmen of every country know that the close alliance of the British Empire and the American Republic will furnish the surest of all guarantees for the maintenance of the peace of the world. It will mean more than this, however. It will afford proof that the reign of law and of that individual liberty which finds its best guarantee under the law is not to be extinguished by the caprices of reactionary rulers and governments, but is to be permanently extended for the benefit of all mankind. Is it possible that any statesman either

in England or the United States can set before himself a nobler object to which to devote the energies of his life than this? Whatever may be the actual state of the relations of the Governments of London and Washington with regard to the idea of an Anglo-American agreement, the American people may rest assured that, if they wish it, the people of Great Britain wish it also. We do not know that a specific alliance to deal with a particular question is the best way of bringing about such an agreement. Formal alliances are too often like leases, they come to an end in time. But a feeling of mutual friendship and confidence, founded upon the sense of kinship in blood, language and ideas, and strengthened by a Treaty of Arbitration which would practically put an end to the risk of any serious rupture between us, would place both England and the United States beyond the reach of many of the storms which now agitate both countries. We have no wish to ask the Americans to fight our battles, just as we feel convinced that they are far too proud to desire that we should fight theirs. But what we do wish, and what the wise men on both sides must most earnestly desire, is that each nation shall feel that it has in the other a friend, a brother, on whose sympathy it can rely in its time of need. It was well said by an American newspaper last week that there are at least two contingencies in which we may count upon the creation of an Anglo-American alliance. One would be a joint attack upon the United States by the great Continental Powers, and the other an attempt by the same Powers to isolate and humiliate Great Britain. In that sentiment we believe that there is nobody in this country who will not heartily concur.

HOME RULE ALL ROUND.

THE enterprising people who want to make "Home Rule all round" part of the programme of the Liberal party may derive some advantage from a calm consideration of last Tuesday's debate. The motion was proposed by a Welshman, seconded by a Scotch Member who has been Attorney-General for England, and supported by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who is undoubtedly the most influential Scotchman in the House of Commons. It got, therefore, as good a send-off as any private member's motion could expect to get. But when a count was moved a little before nine o'clock, though there were as many members within the precincts of the House as would have made a quorum five times over, only twenty-nine came into the Chamber. About a dozen out of the twenty-nine were Parnellites or Tories who thought a division would make mischief. The remaining seventeen represent the Parliamentary force at present devoted to securing separate Legislatures for Scotland, Wales, and England. In plain English, Home Rule all round is not a question of practical politics.

From the theoretic point of view there is much to be said for the proposal. Parliament is much overtaxed, does little work, and does it badly. The increasing importance of foreign and Colonial policy makes it inconvenient that members should be selected on account of their views on purely local questions, such as London tenification or the Scottish Church. The outlying portions of the United Kingdom suffer from the indifference or partisan opposition of Southern English members to their peculiar needs. The proposal for Home Rule for Ireland has unquestionably been much injured by racial and religious prejudice against the Irish, and it would be a happy solution if the grievances of Ireland could be removed quietly under cover of a convenient formula. Mr. Balfour's arguments against devolution are singularly feeble. There is nothing inherently ridiculous in the idea of four subordinate Legislatures, each with a Cabinet responsible to it, existing in a country containing forty millions of inhabitants. On the contrary, France is the only other country of equal size where a single Parliament attempts to do all the work, and in France much of the actual work of legislation is done, not by Parliament, but by officials. The distinction which Mr. Balfour drew between legislation and administration will not carry us far. If he admits that all the administrative work of Parliament might safely be devolved, we get our four Assemblies with four sets of administrators responsible to them, and legislative powers would be bound to follow. There is no greater practical inconvenience involved in having a Liberal Cabinet in Scotland while the Conservatives are in office in the United Kingdom, than there is now in having Mr. McKinnon Wood chairman of the London County Council. Thus, if we were drawing up a new constitution for the United Kingdom after all our institutions had been destroyed by a revolution, many of us would certainly vote for Home Rule all round. We might propose separate treatment for Ulster, which is as big as Wales, and for the North of England, but we should certainly not propose that there should be only one legislative body for the whole of Great Britain and Ireland.

Why, then, is so little interest taken in a proposal which has so much to commend it? We believe that the only answer is that the vast majority of the people of Great Britain, however they may be occasionally inconvenienced by the present system, do not as yet desire it to be changed. They would like to see legislation passed more easily, but they think the real obstacle is not so much congestion in the House of Commons as the veto of the House of Lords. Sometimes there is undue delay with non-contentious Bills; but whenever any proposal from Wales or Scotland, and still more from England, comes up with any real popular enthusiasm to back it, the House of Commons may be trusted sooner or later to pass it. And there is no strong sentiment, except perhaps in Wales, against legislation by a Parliament at Westminster. It is for this reason that the attitude of the Irish members towards Home Rule all round seems to us perfectly reasonable. If there were a general desire in Great Britain for legislative devolution, Irishmen would not merely be very churlish, but would also be very foolish, if they said they would not allow general devolution until their particular demand was first dealt with. They would find it much easier to go with the crowd and take a separate legislature under whatever name without fighting over again the historic struggles of race and sentiment—of Derry and the Boyne, of Grattan and Flood—just as they are now securing for the Catholic Celts the effective domination in the local government of all the Irish counties save four under cover of some specious words about similarity and simultaneity. But there is no force behind the demand for Home Rule for different parts of Great Britain. This is the essential difference between the Irish and the Scottish case. No one can say that Ireland does not want national self-government. She has been struggling for it, sometimes in Parliament, and sometimes by rebellions and secret societies, not merely in the remote past but throughout the last hundred years. The desire is not principally or primarily based on a sense of the practical inconvenience of going to Westminster, though it is possible that the movement

might not have remained so real if Parliament had grappled generously with Irish grievances. It is based on a separateness in race, in history, in social and economic conditions, in religion, and above all in sentiment, which has tended to increase rather than decrease as years roll on. We are well aware of all the difficulties of carrying Home Rule for Ireland through the British Parliament. The very separateness of feeling which makes Ireland fight for Home Rule makes England fight against it. But it is a question from which we cannot get away if we wanted to. Politicians can wriggle out of promises, platform-makers can substitute some new catchword, candidates who seek to avoid a straight question may say they are in favour "not of Home Rule for Ireland only but of Home Rule all round." But there will still remain four millions of Irish people at home and twice as many abroad to whom Home Rule seems the one political object worth striving for, greater than empire, greater than foreign trade or gold and silver. There will still remain in the House of Commons eighty members who, whatever their internal differences, refuse to satisfy, until Home Rule is won, the legitimate personal ambition which actuates all politicians. Poles and Young Czechs, Labour men and Populists, may join a Ministry, but Irishmen refuse to take office in any Government, sacrificing their individual interests to secure a single national object. It is idle under these circumstances to chide them because they are not content to stand in with philosophic advocates of general devolution who occupy the interval needed for the conversion of the British people in a struggle for the loaves and fishes of the Treasury Bench.

INSURANCE.

OUR colossus of life assurance, the Prudential, will this year complete the first half-century of its career, and it is, no doubt, a fitting celebration of the event that the figures announced in the report now issued should reveal a state of progress during the twelve months covered unexampled among all the amazing achievements of the Company in recent years. The result of the year's operations was actually to increase the funds (which stood at £27,000,000 last year) by nearly three and a half millions, while the premiums (to take the Ordinary life branch only) were raised to £2,774,264, this being an increase of £231,002 over the preceding year. One may search the chronicles of British insurance in vain for any parallel to this. Yet if the achievement is remarkable, unique, so has been the work, the organisation to which the development of the Company must be accredited. And how much has been due to management the merest glance at the history of the Prudential will show. The Company began business in a very humble way in 1848; after a year's trading its accounts show that the subscribed capital was £45,500, and that £14,000 only of assurances had been effected. The succeeding early stages of the Company seem to have been attended with many difficulties. Indeed, the report before us states plainly that until the year 1857 its continued existence even was a matter of anxiety. But it is in the stress of such difficulties that the master-mind makes itself felt, and the Prudential were fortunate indeed in having the right guidance at the critical period. The year 1857 marked the turn in the lane, and during the next eleven years the Prudential proceeded slowly but surely along the path of progress, its assets in 1868 having reached £218,409, and after that continuing to increase for another decade at the rate of some £100,000 a year. In 1878 (when the funds passed the first million) it was realised that the Company was growing and developing in a manner that promised well for the future; but no one, we think, could have conceived the possibility of its present magnitude. In 1888 its total assets had reached £7,867, and during the last decade, like some colossal snowball gaining bulk with every movement by virtue of its own weight and impetus, it has increased and accumulated its resources until to-day the combined funds of the Ordinary and Industrial branches have reached the gigantic total of £30,438,337.

This is a notable announcement for a Jubilee report, and, so far as the Ordinary branch is concerned, it is satisfactorily supplemented by the particulars of the valuation which is now made annually, perhaps in consideration of impatient insurers who consider a declared bonus in the hand worth two "estimated" ones in the future. The valuation was a stringent one from the actuarial point of view, and shows a surplus of £811,663, of which nearly three-fourths is available for distribution as bonus. This will be at the same rate as last year (30s. per £100 assured), the directors expressing their intention of deferring any increase in bonus until they can see their way to increase the already ample reserves. This precaution is not unreasonable, the present bonus being, after all, quite up to the average. Money makes money, business brings business, and the "man in the street," with his love of big figures, will hardly hold aloof from the Prudential because some of its rivals in the business can beat its bonus—at the present time, at least—by the margin of a few shillings. And on the score of reserves, it is worth noting that the assets, represented by the best class of securities (of which a fully detailed list is given), are in many cases set down at a price well below the present market values, this undervaluation in itself amounting to a special reserve fund estimated at something like £2,000,000.

As a company for ordinary life assurance the Prudential is now firmly established in the esteem of the public. It must not, however, be imagined that the enormous turnover of business it reports is sufficient by itself to justify its eminence. That would be an injustice no less to the Prudential than to a number of splendid offices who, with but a quarter of the wealth and connections of the Prudential, have been and are able to do quite as much for their policy-holders, and, in some cases, even to leave their giant rival behind. No, big figures are not everything; it is a combination of qualities and attractions that puts the Prudential in the first flight. And these features—able management, liberality of conditions, and conservation of financial strength—should be the best passport to the confidence of the public as well as the best augury of continued success.

As for the Industrial branch, the actual figures may be left to speak for the continued growth and popularity of insurance among the poorer members of the community. It had been feared that the great labour war of 1897 would have the effect of depressing Industrial business to some extent at least, but the figures of the Prudential go to prove that this fear was not well grounded. The company reports premiums received during the year £4,793,591, being an increase of £214,798; and number of new policies issued during 1897, upwards of 400,000; claims, £1,823,338; free paid-up policies issued to those discontinuing payments to the number of 60,848. These haphazard items from the report are sufficient to show that the Prudential in expanding its Ordinary branch has relaxed none of its olden energy in the development of the vast Industrial business which will always be associated with its name. And in continuing along these lines it is not only conducting a highly profitable trade, it is working incalculable good among the poorest classes and helping to demonstrate a great national lesson of thrift.

FINANCE.

THERE is a less apprehensive feeling this week, though there is little more inclination to engage in new risks. The excitement in the United States seems to be abating, but, people remember that the report on the *Maine* disaster has yet to be published, and that that, or some other occurrence, may arouse public feeling again. At home there is a general understanding that the opposition recommended last week to the claims of Russia in China was carried too far, and that now there is no danger of a serious dispute between the two Powers. On the other hand, there is a good deal of anxiety as to what Japan will do. That she is arming by land and sea as quickly as possible every well-informed person knows. That she resents bitterly the conduct of Russia, Germany, and France is equally notorious. And that the new Government now in office is the same as that which carried through so successfully the war with China is not to be forgotten. But whether Japan will enter upon a struggle with three European Powers is obviously open to doubt. Still the knowledge that there is such a bitter feeling in Japan has a disquieting influence upon markets. That the West African Question will be settled amicably nobody seriously doubts; and that, generally, our disputes with France will be arranged is also assumed. Unfortunately, the attitude taken up by President Kruger in South Africa is importing a new element of uncertainty and unrest into a situation already sufficiently disturbed. Owing to all this, to the struggle of the nationalities in Austria-Hungary, to the unrest in the Balkan Peninsula, to the military preparations of Turkey, and so on, there is scarcely anything doing upon the Stock Exchange. On every fall the bolder operators buy. But they are not willing to incur risks for any length of time, and the instant a rise takes place they sell again. Thus the week has seen several ups and downs, and probably that will continue to be the characteristic of the markets for some time to come unless there is a new scare or some important settlement is unexpectedly announced. The unwillingness to deal upon the Stock Exchange is increased by the tightness of the Money Market and the general expectation that the stringency will continue for some time yet. On the other hand, it is well known by the well-informed that an immense number of new issues are arranged for, and withheld only because everybody recognises that this is not a time to ask investors to subscribe. Considering how much apprehension has existed throughout the winter, and how industry of every kind was injuriously affected by the long-continued engineering struggle, it is very satisfactory to find that trade at home has not only continued good but is increasing very rapidly. Largely, no doubt, this is due to the immense numbers of ships that are being built both for Governments and for great trading companies. The activity of ship-building, of course, gives activity to both the iron and the coal trades, and those in turn stimulate many other industries. But the prosperity is not confined within such narrow limits. Speaking broadly, almost every industry in the country is doing exceptionally well, as is clearly proved by the wonderful increase in the revenue and by the steady growth of the railway traffics.

The Money Market, as already said, continues very tight, and is likely to remain so. In the first place, that is largely due to the amount of the public deposits maintained in the Bank of England. The payments out of the Exchequer as yet have been much smaller than usual, while the receipts of revenue have surprised even those who took the most favourable view of the condition of the country. Besides that, the Bank of England holds a large amount of money belonging to the Japanese and other Governments, and consequently the Bank has had for some months past a most unusual control over the outside market. Furthermore, the Russian and Austro-Hungarian Governments have for a long time past been seizing every favourable opportunity to accumulate gold. They have not been taking much quite lately, it is true, but the amount they took during the past six or eight months has prevented the Bank of England from increasing its metallic reserve. And it is possible that they may begin to accumulate again when the opportunity offers. It is, however, clear now that Japan will be unable to take any. Indeed, the Japanese expenditure in Europe is on so enormous a scale that gold of late has been coming from Japan instead of going thither. It is also extremely improbable that gold will go to India. And it does not seem likely that much will go to the United States. The Bank will be able to continue its control because of the Chinese Loan, which is about to be brought out, and because also possibly of the Greek Loan. The Indian Money Market continues as stringent as ever. The Bank rate in Bombay is still 13 per cent., in Calcutta 12 per cent. The exports of rice from Burmah are on an enormous scale, and much money is required to remove the crop. Now that native opinion in Bombay seems to be quieted by the assurances of the Governor in respect to the plague measures, it is expected that the exports of wheat and cotton from that port will become very large, and therefore it is thought not improbable that rates may rise even further. On Wednesday the India Council offered for tender 50 lacs, as usual. A little over 48 lacs were applied for, and only 36 lacs were allotted, 19 lacs being in bills at 1s. $3\frac{7}{32}$d. per rupee, and 17 lacs in transfers at 1s. $3\frac{1}{32}$d. per rupee. Subsequently there was a special sale of one lac of transfers at 1s. $3\frac{1}{32}$d. per rupee. Apparently, therefore, the Council is unwilling to sell under the prices given above.

THIS MORNING'S PAPER.

By a Mere Outsider.

SATURDAY.—One of the best debates of the Session took place last night over the question of the Admiralty and its programme. Mr. Robertson's speech, exposing, first, the failure of the Admiralty to carry out its programme last year, and, secondly, the inconsistency of the line it has taken with regard to the engineering dispute and the shipbuilding contracts, was a very able performance, and its ability was emphasised by the dismal floundering and feeble spitefulness which characterised Mr. Macartney's attempt at a reply. One always wonders why, if an Ulster member had to be taken into the Government to please Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Salisbury should have taken Mr. Macartney rather than Mr. Arnold-Forster. If the choice had to be made again, the blunder would not, I am sure, be repeated, even to gratify the Secretary for the Colonies. After Mr. Macartney's speech Sir William Harcourt intervened with great effect in last night's debate, and though Sir Richard Webster was summoned to the help of the affrighted Admiralty men, he could not beat off the attack, which may fairly be said to have succeeded all along the line. It marks a distinct advance in Mr. Robertson's position in Parliament.

The outlook in the East is certainly not brighter this morning. The *Times* being for the moment in a more pacific temper, the *Standard* takes up the war cry, and discovers that the ukase handing over nine millions of money to the Russian Admiralty was directly aimed at this country. It does not seem to remember that this very year we are spending over five-and-twenty millions on our navy. It is melancholy to see how steadily we are drifting towards war. The clock seems to have been turned back for five-and-forty years, and Ministers are again in the position in which another coalition Cabinet—that of Lord Aberdeen—was in the days that preceded the Crimean War.

Sunday.—There are some reassuring signs to-day. The voice of reason is beginning to make itself heard, despite the overwhelming clamour of the Jingoes, and the friends of peace—a reasonable and honourable peace—seem to be coming together for mutual support. It was very noticeable yesterday that the weekly newspapers were distinctly more pacific than the daily Press. The *Spectator* and THE SPEAKER were practically in line on the question of Manchuria, though the former journal, curiously enough, was quite remarkably bellicose with regard to France. This morning's *Observer* has a sensible article advocating a good understanding with Russia, and it has something of yet greater importance—a strong letter from the late Governor of Hong-Kong, Sir William Robinson, pointing out the futility of the policy advocated so strenuously by the *Times* and *Standard*. On the whole, to-day the omens are favourable for the maintenance of peace.

But more and more the feeling grows that it is lack of statesmanship and lack also of candour on the part of Ministers that must be held responsible for the present fermentation of warlike opinion. I was talking yesterday afternoon to two well-known Radical M.P.'s. One rejoices in being a "Little Englander," and the other is an enlightened Radical Imperialist. They differed widely in their views of the existing situation; but there were certain points on which they were absolutely agreed. I may sum these up as follows: (1) That nothing has been done yet by Russia in Manchuria which can be regarded as a *casus belli*; (2) that she has done nothing which is necessarily injurious to our trade interests; (3) that the present situation is one in which it is absolutely necessary that a clear and resolute, but not bellicose, policy should be adopted by our statesmen; (4) that past experience proves that we are not likely to see such a policy carried out by Lord Salisbury.

It is the last point which furnishes the *crux* of the situation. Lord Salisbury's career as Foreign Minister during the last two years and a half has not been a success. To his credit be it said, he has been eminently pacific. No longer will he put his money on that worn-out roarer of the political turf—Jingoism. But either through failure of health, and consequently of nerve, or from some other unknown cause, he has succeeded in making people both abroad and at home believe there is no given point at which he can be trusted to put his foot down and stand firm in defence of the national honour and interests. It is this belief, which prevails at least as widely among Conservatives as among Liberals, that lies at the bottom of the mischievous excitement now prevailing. The warlike articles in the daily newspapers are meant to influence the Prime Minister of Great Britain even more than the Czar or M. Hanotaux. Day by day the world is being assured not only that England is in earnest, but that England is positively desirous of fighting. So far as the latter statement is concerned, I believe it to be absolutely false. The present bellicose mood of the Press only represents the feeling of a limited number of politicians and club-men. The great mass of the people not only do not desire war, but do not believe that it is coming. Our merchants and manufacturers, our middle-classes and our working men, are entirely pacific. Their attitude, it is true, would be changed in a moment if any step that either affronted our sense of honour or constituted a real attack upon our national interests were to be taken by any foreign Power. In such a case the war fever would spread like a flame through our streets, instead of being confined to our clubs and newspaper offices. I suppose it is the fear that Lord Salisbury's weakness may induce France or Russia to take some fatal step which would make war inevitable that leads the Tory newspapers to indulge in their present thundering declamation. They would be acting both more wisely and with a greater regard for the preservation of that peace which is recognised as the greatest of all British interests, if they would confine themselves to the real danger which threatens the country, and state openly what everybody admits in private, that Lord Salisbury as Foreign Minister no longer commands the confidence of the country and that his place ought to be taken by some other member of the Cabinet.

Monday.—Travellers lately returned from India bring very unsatisfactory accounts of the state of things in our great dependency. There is a strong feeling among experienced officials that a blunder akin to that which led to the mutiny of 1857 has been made in the manner in which the plague regulations have been carried out. Animated by the best intentions in the world and with a single eye to the good of the population, the authorities have succeeded in rousing a spirit of almost furious indignation by their disregard of the caste and religious prejudices alike of Hindoos and Mahomedans. Tommy Atkins is, in his way, an excellent person, and at a pinch can do his duty nobly. But he is not quite the sort of person whom one would for choice entrust with the work of exploring the women's quarters of Oriental houses. It is a pity that there should be so much sensitiveness on the part of the native population of India; but it is a sensitiveness which we are bound to consider. I ought to say that there is no serious political significance in the recent riots in Bombay. So far as the best authorities are able to judge, there is not the smallest reason to suppose that another mutiny or a rising against the British *raj* is even possible.

Everybody on this side of the Atlantic has noted with pleasure the present tendency of Americans to turn a friendly face towards this country. It is the strong desire of Englishmen to live on terms of perpetual peace with their kinsmen across the sea, and incidentally it may be said that they have given notable proofs of this desire. At this moment, when the question of an actual alliance between the two countries is being debated in New York as a thing not only desirable but possible, anything that might throw cold water on the prevailing feeling would almost be a sin against humanity. I see that Mr. Michael Davitt is to-night to ask the Government whether any British war-vessels are to be lent by this country to the United States in the event of war between the Republic and another Power. It is difficult to understand the meaning of this question. Mr. Davitt, of course, must know that the loan of warships by one country to another during a war is, on the face of it, impossible. I should be sorry to suppose that he wishes, by asking this singular question, to do anything to damp American feeling in favour of friendship with this country, yet it is difficult to see what other result his inquiry can have.

Tuesday.—The suggestion which THE SPEAKER alone in the English Press made on Saturday, that Lord Salisbury ought not to leave England without appointing someone as his deputy at the Foreign Office during his absence, has been realised this morning. I am sorry to say that the cause of Lord Salisbury's sudden determination is a rather severe relapse which he has just suffered. Everybody must regret this fact. Yet if the relapse be not a serious one it may prove a blessing in disguise, not only to the country, but to Lord Salisbury himself. For a long time past it has been notorious that his health was not equal to the terrible strain he imposed upon it in his ardent devotion to his work. Months ago I called attention to the fact in these columns, only to be met by indignant denials from men who were not acquainted with the truth. Of late, even before the attack of influenza, it was painfully obvious to all who were brought in contact with him that the Prime Minister was labouring under a burden to which he was no longer equal. The failures that have marked his recent career as Foreign Minister have been failures due to a painful physical and nervous prostration, against which the stoutest heart could only struggle in vain.

Last week, when it was known that he contemplated a journey to the Riviera, although singularly enough the daily newspapers of both parties had nothing to say on the subject, great perturbation was caused by the fact in the innermost political circles on both sides. It was felt that it would be a monstrous thing if in a crisis like the present the Foreign Secretary were to absent himself from London for a considerable period without providing any substitute in his high office. If Lord Salisbury had taken this course there is no doubt that attention would have been called to the subject in Parliament. Apparently it was not, however, until after the Cabinet at Arlington Street on Friday that the Premier made up his mind to accept the inevitable. It is very sad that he should have broken down in this fashion, and men of all parties will unite in the hope that he may be quickly restored to health. Whatever his faults may be, he is undoubtedly a high-minded and conscientious patriot, whose sole desire is to serve his country to the uttermost of his strength and according to his own ideas of what is best.

The fact that Mr. Balfour has been appointed as his temporary substitute is very significant. It means that the Salisbury policy will be maintained during the provisional *régime*, and that Mr. Chamberlain will not be allowed to force his own ideas upon the Cabinet. This is well, for it is a guarantee for the maintenance of peace. Indeed, the hope of maintaining the peace is strengthened by the nomination of Mr. Balfour; for, whilst he will carry out Lord Salisbury's foreign policy, he will, it may be presumed, bring to his task the nerve and the vigour that have been so conspicuously deficient in the recent actions of his uncle. Last week, when the question of appointing a *locum tenens* for the Foreign Secretary was being privately discussed in political circles, the Duke of Devonshire was named as the person most likely to be chosen. But Lord Salisbury has been able to nominate his own heir, and he has naturally chosen the one man in the Cabinet in whom he has implicit confidence. Mr. Balfour's nomination is, of course, merely temporary; but I do not think it likely that Lord Salisbury will ever again reign at the Foreign Office. Who may be his ultimate successor is a point that time must be left to decide.

Wednesday.—One would be inclined to despair of the future of our politics if we were to judge of the prospect by the follies of which members of political parties are occasionally guilty. Yesterday the House of Commons had another taste of the spirit of unrest, if not of faction. The demand for Home Rule All Round, whatever may be its merits, is a perfectly legitimate one, and it was brought forward yesterday in a most legitimate manner. But this simple question was used by the Irish enemies of Ireland and of the alliance between Liberals and Irishmen as a means of widening the breach they are so anxious to create between Irishmen and British Liberals. There really seems nothing too unpatriotic for the Irish "patriot" of a certain class to attempt. He hates Mr. Dillon, and he is in consequence willing to destroy the last chance of Home Rule, in the hope that Mr. Dillon may be buried beneath the ruins; or, like Mr. Redmond, he hates the Liberal party, and he would rather hand Ireland over to fifty years of Tory coercion than allow her to receive liberty at the hands of a Gladstone or a Rosebery. These peculiar "patriots" from old Ireland are very much in evidence at present. It is impossible for persons of ordinary intelligence to understand what they hope to secure by wrecking the friendly union of Liberal and Irish Members of Parliament, unless it be the gratification of their own small spite against the Nationalist party. But the people of Ireland will do well to understand, and understand clearly, that it is by those who pretend to represent their true feelings that the Home Rule cause is now being trampled under foot.

The opinion grows that Lord Salisbury is never likely again to attempt to discharge the duties of the two offices which he now holds. It is impossible, indeed, to ignore the fact that his great want of success of late has been due to this endeavour to do more than any single human being can do. The discussion is now turning upon the question of his successor at the Foreign Office. It would, of course, be a serious mistake to dismiss Mr. Balfour's claim as unfounded before he has been tried; but I am bound to say that there is no feeling of enthusiasm on his behalf even among his political friends. The names which are being canvassed now in connection with the succession to the Foreign Office, in addition to Mr. Balfour's, are those of the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Cromer, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach.

Thursday.—What is the truth about the mobilisation of the French fleet? Most of the papers announce it this morning. The curious thing is that it was announced on the same authority so far back as Monday. I then read on the "telegraph board" at a club the full statement as to the mobilisation of the Northern fleet, and looked anxiously to see the statement confirmed in the evening newspapers. Strange to say, neither the evening newspapers nor those of the following morning made any reference to the telegram—the importance of which, if it were true, could hardly be exaggerated. I began to think that I must have been dreaming when I thought I read the telegram on the board at my club. But here is the same news given in most of the papers this morning, though I see that the *Times* still ignores it. Let us hope that the mystery will be cleared up now, and that we shall speedily learn, first, whether the news is true, and, secondly, supposing it to be true, with what particular object the French fleet is being mobilised.

The *Daily News*, moved by Lord Rosebery's most judicious speech at the dinner of the Chamber of Commerce, cries aloud for his return to his old place in the Liberal party. It is a cry that one hears upon every side, and certainly the whole country would feel a sense of relief if, in these critical days, the only man who shares with Lord Salisbury a position of commanding authority with regard to foreign affairs were again to take an active part in public life. The knowledge that Lord Rosebery was not only a strong but a wise Foreign Minister, who combined with a full sense of the value of Imperialism an entire freedom from the taint of Jingoism, strengthens the desire of the country to see his return to the political arena. But it must be remembered by the *Daily News*, and the other organs which give expression to this desire, that the Liberal party, as a party, is not yet in so satisfactory a state that it offers an irresistible temptation to a man like Lord Rosebery to resume active work. The blunders of our opponents have been great and almost appalling; but there have been blunders on our side also, and some recent incidents in the House of Commons seem to suggest that we have not as yet profited as we might have done by the lessons which adversity ought to have taught us. When the party is united in pursuit of a common object, and when some proof is afforded that its members are prepared to support their leaders loyally, matters will be different. Perhaps the meeting of the National Liberal Federation next week may do something to clear the air.

Friday.—There seems to be no end to the wealth of the nation. Yesterday Parliament was gaily employed in devoting several millions to the erection of public buildings in the Metropolis. Old economists of the type of Sir William Harcourt may well stand aghast when they see how readily the Chancellor of the Exchequer seems to be yielding to all the demands that are made upon him. What would the redoubtable Robert Lowe have had to say in reply to those demands? However, we shall at least have "something to show" for the money spent on public buildings, which is more than can be said

for that which is squandered upon political and military fireworks. London too may fairly congratulate herself upon the fact that she is about to witness certain much-needed improvements. But where, I ask again, does all this money come from?

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

VI.—The Veto.

In the preceding articles of this series we have sought to present to our readers a short statement of the reasons which make a change in the relations of the House of Lords to the Constitution necessary, and which seem at the same time to prove that the country is not prepared to do without a Second Chamber of some kind. We have further touched upon the immense difficulties that lie in the way of any measure of reconstruction that would give us an ideal Second Chamber. Such a measure, it is clear, could only be carried out by the free concurrence of both parties in the State after the House of Lords' powers had been so far curtailed that the Lords themselves would see, and the party which supports them would admit, the expediency of a reform in the composition of the Chamber. For the moment, therefore, the construction of an ideal Chamber must be put aside as being beyond the range of practical politics, and we must limit ourselves to what is practical and possible.

Mention has been made in some recent speeches of the adoption of the Swiss *referendum* as an expedient for improving a state of things which all wise men are agreed is equally indefensible and intolerable. We do not propose to discuss the *referendum* in this article. A great deal may be said both for and against it; but we have to recognise the fact, first, that it would by no means meet all the difficulties of the situation with which we have to deal, and secondly, that in neither party is there any visible feeling in its favour. We have, therefore, to fall back upon the old question, What shall be done with the House of Lords?

There is one point upon which, we may take it, the overwhelming mass of public opinion is agreed. That is that the Second Chamber, whatever may be its name or its nature, must be subordinate to the First Chamber, directly elected by and responsible to the nation. Unless we are to bid farewell to our claim to be a free people governing ourselves, this principle must be absolutely maintained. It is a principle which at the present moment is virtually acknowledged by the Constitution. Already there are certain matters in which the House of Lords has been compelled to admit its subordination to the House of Commons. It cannot levy taxes, it cannot interfere with money Bills, it cannot provide the Sovereign—a word that in these days may for political purposes be regarded as synonymous with the Cabinet—with the supplies without which he cannot wage war or enter upon any costly scheme of foreign policy. There is no need to say that these grave limitations of the powers of the House of Lords, like the still graver limitation of the personal power of the Sovereign, were secured in the interests of the people by the efforts of the wisest and most patriotic statesmen of other days. There is nothing new or revolutionary, therefore, in the claim that the House of Commons shall be the chief legislative body in the Empire, and that its powers shall be free from the limitations to which the House of Lords has to submit. What we have to ask ourselves is in what direction the further limitation of the powers of the Second Chamber, which experience has shown to be necessary, shall be carried. There are some able and ingenious writers who have suggested that we should extend the principle which excludes money Bills from the scope of the House of Lords, and frame a schedule setting forth other subjects with which it shall be beyond the competence of the Peers to deal. The difficulty of framing such a schedule would be very great. The difficulty of inducing the Peers to accept it when framed would be greater still. If we were to include in such a schedule the very questions upon which the relations of the two Houses are most frequently strained—questions affecting the Constitution, the relations of Church and State, the social and economic condition of the working population of the country—we would be reducing the Second Chamber to a condition of impotence that would move the compassion of its worst enemies; whilst it is very doubtful whether we would be rendering a good service to the community. It would be intolerable to men like those who have for generations played the leading part in the House of Lords that they should be debarred from even expressing an opinion on such questions as Home Rule, the relations of Church and State, or the national system of education. We have no right to gag the mouths of any class in the community; nor is it wise to prevent the full discussion of public measures by a body of men among whom are to be found not only persons of exceptional intelligence, trained from their youth to take part in political affairs, but servants of the State who have won their elevation to the peerage as the reward of years of honourable public labour. It does not seem that we shall find the solution of the difficulty by moving in this direction.

The real purpose of the reformer must be to make it impossible that a limited non-representative body of men, who have no legitimate or substantial claim to speak on behalf of the whole nation, and who have secured their places in the Second Chamber by birth or selection, not by election, shall be able to interpose either an absolute barrier or a serious delay to the realisation of the nation's will when that will has been clearly expressed by its constitutional representatives. "Government of the people *by the people* for the people"—to quote Mr. Lincoln's memorable phrase—cannot be realised so long as the measures which the people, through their own House, have determined upon may at any moment be destroyed, mutilated, or delayed indefinitely by a Chamber which has no direct relationship to the body of the nation, and no more right to pretend to represent the national feeling than the newspapers of one particular party, or the preachers of one particular Church, can pretend to have.

This is the one great principle that must guide Liberals, at all events, in their attempt to solve the problem of the House of Lords. "*Government by the people*" ought to be their watchword, and all their energies must be directed to the task of convincing their fellow-countrymen that popular government cannot be a reality so long as there is a Chamber standing outside the representative system, and drawn exclusively from certain narrow classes of the community, which not only possesses but exercises the right of thwarting the popular will whenever it sees fit to do so. What evils it has wrought in our history by virtue of this right we have faintly indicated in the preceding articles of this series. The half-hearted apologists for the House of Lords who agree that "in theory it is indefensible" must, if they have read those articles, admit that its pretensions are as intolerable in practice as in theory they are indefensible.

But how is the limitation, in the first place, to be effected? In answering that question we fall back upon the point which reformers, not only of this but of former generations, have been almost unanimous in proclaiming to be the key to the situation. The absolute veto now possessed by the House of Lords must be absolutely abolished. (We may remark, in passing, that we use the word veto in the sense now popularly attached to it; that is, as meaning the power of the House of Lords to destroy measures which have been carried by the House of Commons.) It is a veto which it only uses when the party with which the

personal sympathies and class prejudices of its members associate it happens to be out of office. That fact alone disposes of the fiction that the veto is of any real value to the State. A provision which is always left to rust unused when a Tory Government is in office, and which is always drawn from its sheath, sharpened and made ready for use, when a Liberal Minister, by virtue of the call of the nation, assumes power, stands condemned in the eyes of all sensible and fair-minded people. It is palpably and flagrantly a weapon for serving not the nation but one particular party.

It is not, however, the belief of reformers that in doing away with the absolute veto they ought at the same time to deprive the House of Lords of all power in the State. Many good Liberals and Radicals believe that the discussion and revision of public measures by the House of Lords will be of distinct value. They have no desire to gag the Peers, or to deprive them of all that special influence which they enjoy by reason of their social eminence and their command of one of the two great legislative Chambers with the unrivalled publicity its proceedings secure. They leave them free to employ all their powers in order to influence public opinion. The only point at which they draw the line is where the House of Lords maintains the right not only to influence public opinion but to defy and veto it, even when that opinion has been clearly declared by the representatives of the nation. In short, most of us would be prepared—pending the construction of an ideal Second Chamber—to leave the House of Lords very much in the position in which it now is when a Tory Ministry is in office. It accepts subordination then without pretending to regard it as a humiliation. In doing so it has shown us the best way of dealing with it. The subordination it accepts without remonstrance from one particular party in the State must be imposed upon it and made compulsory by the nation as a whole.

The present conviction of reformers is that the limitation of the veto now possessed by the House of Lords ought to be to one year. That is to say, a measure which the House of Commons has carried in one session and which has been rejected by the Lords, shall, if carried a second time through the House of Commons in the next session, receive the Sovereign's assent whether the Lords agree to it or not. In other words, the House of Commons shall have a constitutional means of compelling the acceptance by the Lords, after a certain time, of a measure which they shall have a second time passed, proper provisions being made to enable them, if necessary, to amend it. This, after a consideration of many different schemes, proposed by many able men, is the plan that remains in the minds of reformers as the best practical measure for limiting the powers of the House of Lords and bringing that body into its proper position of subordination to the Representative Chamber. The practical steps to be taken by the Liberal party in order to secure the success of this plan open up a wide field for discussion. We propose to return to it on a subsequent occasion.

THE STRENGTH OF ENGLAND.

WE have heard lately warning voices in the Press reminding us of the difficulties confronting us in every quarter of the world, dwelling upon the risks and perils of our situation, and questioning whether the people of this country have either the nerve or the resources to fulfil the obligations which burdens such as ours impose. No doubt our position at this moment has many elements of danger in it. An empire based on one small island in the Northern Seas, claiming, with an inconsiderable army, to outvie the greatest military States, to intervene decisively in the politics of Europe, to befriend little monarchies like Greece and Belgium, to protect hundreds of thousands of the subjects of Turkey, to patrol the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, to rule Egypt and extend her provinces to the Equator, to occupy vast tracts of Africa in west and south and east, to control Canada and Australia, Jamaica and New Zealand, to hold together in Southern Asia the greatest Mohammedan power of modern times, to absorb the lion's share of the trade and spoils of China, to dot with its possessions the coasts of every continent, and to command as master all the seas between—is an experiment more amazingly ambitious than was ever undertaken in the world before. There is no part of either hemisphere where we have not vital interests to defend. There is only one Power of the first rank which is not our neighbour, and which, if it wishes for extension, is not in consequence our rival. At this moment, while some wild voices are calling on us to fight Russia sooner than permit her to absorb a province of China which lies at her very door, or at least to seek compensation by seizing the valley of the Yang-tse, an enormous territory with a hundred and twenty million inhabitants of its own, and while other voices, hardly less fierce and urgent, would have us pour our armies into the mountains of Afghanistan, we are steadily pushing our way from at least three directions into the heart of Africa, bent on making that boundless continent British territory too. To secure a free hand for this and other enterprises we are preparing ourselves to fight, if necessary, at least two great European Powers, and the nation is unanimous in urging the Government to insist on every right that it possesses. When one considers what we are attempting and what we expect our Government to do, one is forced to the conclusion either that our policy is the extreme of rashness or else that it rests upon an overwhelming consciousness of strength.

We hope that we shall not be accused of undue optimism if we suggest that the latter alternative is true. Pessimists, like Mr. Kebbel in the *Nineteenth Century*, sing their Cassandra-song in vain. We admit that competition is keener. We admit that our trade has enterprising rivals. We admit that our army looks ridiculous beside the armies of Continental Europe. We admit the self-assertiveness of France, the vast increase of Russian revenue and territory, the extraordinary development of Germany, and the irritable jealousy of them all. We admit, too, the growth of luxury among us, though we remember that the cry that luxury is undermining character in England is at least as old as the Elizabethans, and may, no doubt, be traced much further back. We admit the increase of "sentimentalism" and of the dislike of war. We admit that the day is over when we could hope to annex without a protest all the best bits of the surface of the earth. But, for all that, we look in vain around us for the evidences of national decay. Are not our wealth, our commerce, and our navy greater than they ever were before? Are not our resources in Africa, America, Australia, Asia, increasing with astonishing rapidity every year? Have we, as a nation, the least fear of invasion? Are we not as certain, and as justly certain, as we were when, in the eighteenth century, we plunged so lightly into war, that in any struggle for colonial supremacy that can come upon us we should sweep the board again as we have done before? Is not this scare really founded, not on any genuine distrust of our own power but simply on the fact that other nations have, in the course of their inevitable expansion, been following in the last few decades in our footsteps and advancing as for a long time we advanced alone? We believe that an affirmative is the only reasonable reply. Even in our gloomiest forebodings, when we talk about the Powers of Europe combining to dismember us, we are convinced that there is no possibility of such a combination being made; and not a few of us believe that, if it were made, the country which in the beginning of the century

could hold Napoleon and Alexander and all the kingdoms under them, at bay, would not find it beyond its powers, with Africa and Australia, and we think we might add America, behind it, to hold its own again. We talk of isolation, but we know that at this moment, did we choose to enter either of the rival camps of Europe, and to bind ourselves by alliances to either group of Powers, we should be welcomed with open arms by each. It is considerations such as these which make our burden bearable, and which give rise to the confidence which our acts if not our words proclaim.

But then there comes the further question—Have the English nation still the grit and character to justify the confidence they feel? It is suggested that, because the country gentlemen no longer lead us, therefore the spirit and endurance of the race have died. We confess that even among the oldest and saddest of Tories we have never encountered a more preposterous plea. No doubt the class of country gentlemen predominated among the men who stood so firm and ruled so badly during the Napoleonic struggle, though even then we suspect that the great mercantile interests, whose value to the State the Pitts discovered, supplied in a large measure the spirit as well as the sinews of the war. But there could not be a greater error than to imagine that the power of national endurance is vested in the territorial class alone. All through English history it has been the middle class which has shown the greatest readiness to fight and to suffer for our rights abroad. In the eighteenth century all our wars were due to the pressure of commercial interests, except the ruinous war with America, which was due mainly to King George and the Tory squires. In the triumphant war of Marlborough's day the country squires were the peace party, and the commercial middle class the mainstay of the fight. Under the Stuarts the territorial gentry supported the policy of Charles II., the Puritan middle class the policy of Cromwell. Under Elizabeth it was the new men, the middle classes, who supplied the buccaneering heroes and the crews which challenged the Armada. Earlier still, the towns and middle classes rallied to the cause of York, chiefly because the Yorkists stood for a bolder policy abroad. We doubt if there is a single case to be found in modern history in which the middle class have not been at least as firm and strenuous as the gentry in the prosecution of the nation's rights. But the suggestion now is that, because we are governed by the working classes, this spirit must change and our endurance fail. No doubt the working class has more to gain than any other from universal peace. No doubt, too, the poorer a man is the more bound he ought to be to count the cost before endangering what he has. But at present we can see no evidence whatever that this argument applies. The evidence, indeed, furnished by the strikes of the last few decades as to the combativeness and endurance of the artisan is all the other way. Why should the working man be supposed to be incapable of that patriotic stubbornness which the middle class has always shown? They too have had a great deal to lose immediately by war; but that has never yet deterred them.

As a matter of fact, indeed, the Tory squires in the Napoleonic war, whose patriotism Mr. Kebbel thinks so unique, managed to combine a considerable measure of personal prosperity with their warlike zeal. Democracies are far more liable than monarchies or aristocracies to fight stubbornly for their ideals, for the obvious reason that they are far more sensitive to emotion, far more alive to the force of phrases like freedom, glory, and duty, which are the phrases for which men mostly die. Look at the tenacity of the Northern people in the American Civil War—middle class, working people fighting for an idea. Look at the enthusiasm of the French revolutionary armies, at the crusade of conquest in which that new-born democracy engaged. Look at the spirit of the German peasantry in the war of 1813, and compare its fierce endurance with the collapse of the Prussian army at Jéna when ruled and officered by a territorial class. We are surely no blind optimists in maintaining that a nation does not lose its character because the balance of power shifts from class to class. It is because we are confident that the determination to stand by our just rights is ingrained in the temper of the nation, and that the resources which justify that determination are greater at this moment than they ever were before, that we dismiss the scare displayed before us—a scare as baseless as the arguments on which it rests.

THE CASE AGAINST THE MONEY-LENDER.

IF the evidence of distinguished witnesses before a Parliamentary Committee were always a forerunner of legislation, the professional money-lender would have reason to quake just now. When Sir George Lewis and Mr Justice Hawkins agree that money-lenders ought to be registered and licensed, that the issue of fraudulent circulars should be punished, and that the Courts should be empowered, in disputes between lender and borrower, to decide what is a fair and reasonable rate of interest, it might be taken for granted that public opinion would follow the same course. But experience shows the rashness of any such assumption. There are many lawyers who will dispute some, if not all, of the conclusions of Sir George Lewis and Mr. Justice Hawkins. There are politicians who would set "freedom of contract" against the case for dealing with money-lenders on the ground of public policy. There are even people who inherit from youthful associations a kind of romantic attachment to the money-lender, just as many old playgoers have come to regard Irving's Shylock as an estimable and deeply injured man, who ought to have had a pound of flesh off every Christian in the play. Through the mists of emotional retrospect elderly gentlemen perceive the money-lender of their adolescence, a figure of infinite benevolence. He may have charged a pretty stiff interest; but they were wild young bucks with no "security" except unlimited assurance, and, but for his touching confidence in their prospects, what would have become of them? They cannot bear to think of that benefactor robbed of his modest privacy, forced to paint his name over his door like a mere vendor of spirits and tobacco; the poetry of his circulars scrutinised by prosaic inquisitors, and his rate of interest exposed to judicial mockery. Why, the very essence of his bounty is secrecy, the very need to which he ministers demands despatch, and, if the interest is high, remember that he lends twice who lends quickly.

Disengaged from romance, the money-lender appears a commonplace tradesman, with a business which needs regulation like a publican's. A license would be a condition of honest behaviour, for any substantiated charge of fraud would cause its prompt withdrawal. The money-lender who offers money at five per cent., forgetting to mention that it is five per cent. per month, would learn to be more precise; moreover, he would curb the imagination which pictures him in a private and confidential circular as an incorporated bank. Again, the licensing system would hinder the operations of that peculiar money-lender who never lends. When he considers an application, he charges five shillings for inquiries into the solvency of the client. The inquiries are endless, and the loan never begins. The obvious advantage of this method of money-lending is that it requires very little capital, just enough to pay for advertisements to catch the unwary. The editor

of a prominent newspaper received a visit from an old friend he had lost sight of for many years. The visitor was emaciated and in rags; he told a pitiful tale of misfortune; he had eaten nothing for two days. Food was sent for at once, and he enjoyed a hearty meal. The editor, with tears in his eyes—for nothing wrings the heart like the sight of a starving man appeasing his hunger—thrust a couple of sovereigns into his friend's hand and said, "Here's a trifling loan to go on with. What do you propose to do?" The other smiled gratefully and jingled the money. "You have saved me," he said. "I feel a new man. What shall I do? Oh, I know the very thing. I shall start as a money-lender!" It seemed rather incongruous; but it was a shrewd idea. He had his eye on the "inquiry fees." With two pounds in his pocket he was in a position to offer loans from ten pounds to ten thousand.

But it is said that, whatever regulations may be imposed upon money-lending, apart from the banking transactions which would, of course, be excluded, it would be unfair to invoke the Courts to settle a rate of interest. If a man of full age borrow money on little or no security, he must pay the lender handsomely for the risks. Lord Wemyss and the Liberty and Property Defence League will say that it is a gross infraction of personal dignity to deprive the borrower of the privilege of taking care of himself. Mr. Justice Hawkins does not see the privilege in the same light. He finds the exactions of the money-lenders a fruitful source of crime. When the amount of interest exceeds the original debt, and when the debt is paid off leaving the interest as a constantly growing incubus, the borrower will sometimes have recourse to desperate remedies. Why not extend his privilege of taking care of himself so as to enable him to obtain relief in a court of law? Even now the County Court judges, in small money-lending cases, exercise some restraint on usury. When the money-lender sues the defaulter, the Court will often show its opinion of the transaction in the order made for payment. What harm would be done to liberty and legitimate contract if the judge were empowered to say to the usurer, "This is a hard and unconscionable bargain, and I shall give you so much interest and no more"? Mr. Justice Hawkins would not give the borrower leave to apply to the Courts; but he would encourage him to refuse further payment, and defy the lender to submit the case to judicial revision. If the lender forced on a bankruptcy, he ought to be put into the position of an ordinary creditor. What reason is there to suppose that if a judge should inquire into the terms of a loan, he would not be qualified to decide whether the interest was fair and whether a reasonable sum had already been recovered? Oddly enough, you will hear it urged by lawyers that few if any judges are capable of exercising such a discretion! They have constantly to adjudicate on issues of far greater delicacy, and yet they know so little of the world that they cannot be trusted to hold the scales between lender and borrower!

A fixed rate of interest is, of course, impossible: the interest must vary according to the security; but it is certain that if money-lenders had the fear of judicial revision, they would make some wholesome changes in their methods of business. The usurer who amassed a fortune by charging one hundred and ten per cent., and has now a reputation for generosity because he is content with forty, would have acquired that reputation much earlier in his career if judge-made interest had been one of his risks. That money-lending must be subjected to some form of public control is obvious. The Jewish usurers, as Sir George Lewis has told us, suffer the reprobation of the upright amongst their co-religionists. Their exactions are banned by the Hebrew equivalents of bell, book, and candle. But this moral obloquy appears to have as little effect on this branch of commerce as the warning about the camel and the needle's eye, so often heard on Sunday, has upon the administration of riches by many Christian church-goers. The arm of the law is needed to enforce the decrees of the Synagogue. It is objected that any reform in this direction means the revival of the Usury Laws; but if the Legislature will make up its mind to class money-lending amongst dangerous trades, which must be regulated for the public welfare, it need not heed inaccurate rhetoric about "retrogression."

ZOLA'S "PARIS."*

MANY different opinions have already been expressed with regard to the merits of Zola's latest book, "Paris." It is natural that at a moment when so many conflicting sentiments and passions centre upon the author, a book from his pen should be subjected to an unusually severe and searching criticism. When the critic himself becomes an actor, and the artist is converted into the man of action, the world is eager to unveil the secrets of his laboratory. It is a misfortune for Zola that a work to which he manifestly attaches so much importance should have appeared at the present moment. Men will be too apt to confuse the artist with the man, and to praise or blame the former in accordance with their opinion of the latter. That "Paris" is a great book, instinct with the power which distinguishes its author, will hardly be denied by anyone. It is impossible, whilst reading it, not to feel that we are, in the Gallic phrase, "in the movement." We find ourselves in the midst of a bustling, self-absorbed throng of millionaires and adventurers, politicians and workmen, priests, fine ladies, dandies, and harlots, and we are conscious that all around us the men and women we see are alive. The spectacle offered to us may not be pleasant, but it is extraordinarily impressive. Realism, in the best and highest sense of the word, unquestionably distinguishes this latest story of Zola's. But whilst we feel the merits of the book, it is impossible to overlook its defects. Compared with "Rome," the previous volume of the trilogy, "Paris" might almost be described as a failure. The most remarkable feature of "Rome" was the clearness and brilliancy with which Zola painted the great city as he saw it, presenting it to us in a moving panorama, the striking fidelity of which everyone acquainted with modern Rome was compelled to acknowledge. But the impression of his own city conveyed in "Paris," though brilliant and powerful, is blurred and confused. There is not, in this volume, the clear perspective which distinguished the pictures in "Rome." The author manifestly knows too much. He is embarrassed by the riches of his knowledge of every aspect of the city of which he writes, and thus he falls a victim to the inability, which all men experience, of distinguishing between what they know and what they may justly assume that their readers know. The Abbé Froment flits through the pages of "Paris" as he did through those of "Rome" and "Lourdes"; but the part he plays is no longer so important as it was, and, to tell the truth, he possesses but a secondary interest for the reader. We are told that Zola means the Abbé to represent man, that his struggles personify the contest between religion on the one hand and reason and life on the other. We do not disparage the genius of Zola when we say that in his history of the Abbé Froment he throws no new light upon a problem as old as human nature itself is. In this volume we see the Abbé falling vanquished in the attempt to reconcile his old creed with reason and with life as he sees it around him. In his despair he strips himself of the gown which is the symbol of his

* "Paris." By Émile Zola. London: Chatto & Windus.

consecration to the service of the Church, and, boldly transferring himself from the priesthood to the laity, becomes the husband of a healthy young woman, who fills his heart with joy by bearing a lusty son. But there is nothing in Zola's way of telling this story that gives it dignity or raises it in any degree above the commonplace story of the daily struggle between faith and reason. The really notable portions of "Paris" are not those which deal with the inner history of the Abbé Froment, but those in which Zola paints with a lurid brush certain phases in the social and political life of the great city. It has been objected to him that all these scenes have been painted before. The miserable story of the household of Baron Duvillard sounds, indeed, like an echo from the pages of Balzac. It is the familiar story of the millionaire husband, who can overthrow Ministries and control the destinies of an empire, but who is, at the same time, a puppet in the hands of a beautiful adventuress; of his wife, to whose open infidelity he has closed his eyes for years; of his daughter, who loves her mother's lover, and marries him in spite of the furious jealousy with which that mother pursues her. All this we seem to have read years ago, and Zola, great as he is, does not surpass Balzac in Balzac's peculiar line. As for the political scenes, they constitute a terrible indictment of the Republic and of the men who control its fortunes. But it is an indictment that we have read already in the pages of Zola himself.

It is not in these things that the value and importance of "Paris" is to be found. It is in the brilliant sketches of the contrasted lives of the poor and the rich that we find Zola at his best. The Abbé Froment passes from the gloomy barrack where the worn-out workmen of the city are dying of hunger for lack of a few sous to enable them to buy bread, and where women and children are being slowly done to death in the hard frost of a hopeless poverty, to the dining-room of the vulgar millionaire, where a single meal costs more than would keep a whole family in life and health for twelve months. He is able to trace the very genesis of the anarchist, spurred into anarchism by the overwhelming sense of the injustice from which his class is suffering; and he sees for himself how small is the moral effect which the anarchist bomb produces even in the particular household against which it is directed. Here Zola touches the root of the social evil of our time, and it need not be said that he touches it with a powerful hand. Again, as a mere piece of word-painting, the story of the guillotining of the captured anarchist stands out as one of the most brilliant and impressive chapters in the history of the retribution with which society visits crime. It is all the more startling in its effect because Zola enables us to see to what little purpose the punishment is inflicted, and what are the plants that are really fed by the blood shed upon the gallows. In these things we undoubtedly see the Zola whom we know—the man who has the power of presenting to us great moral and social problems under the disguise of fictitious scenes. It must not be supposed that the book is one of unrelieved gloom. The picture of the household of the elder Froment, and of the relations of the head of the family to his three sons, is one of the most delightful things in fiction, and it shows that our author has, at least, not lost faith in the reality of that simplest and sweetest of all human passions, the devoted love of children for a parent in whom they believe. Taken as a whole, "Paris" must be accounted one of the less successful works of its distinguished author. The great power which it displays is unequally distributed, and we find both repetition and redundancy in its pages; but it is a notable contribution to the history of our time, and though Zola must be counted among the pessimists, we believe that in the documents which he has bequeathed to posterity the historians of the future will find the materials out of which they will construct their most faithful and telling pictures of the life of the people in the latter half of the nineteenth century. Among those documents "Paris" will deservedly hold a very high place.

THE DRAMA.

Mr. Archer's "Theatrical 'World' of 1897."

It is established beyond all doubt by the confidences of booksellers, publishers' circulars, the statistics of free libraries, and common observation, that nothing is so little read as criticism. I can explain this, of course—there are half a dozen obvious explanations—but I shall never cease to marvel at it, all the same. A tolerant spirit I have always prided myself on. I have met men who preferred Bass to Léoville Lascazes 1875, and a Trichinopoly to a Cabaña, and still I have remained their friend. But wilfully to forego the pleasure of reading good criticism is a perversity which I cannot allow for; it outlaws a man, for me—puts him beyond the pale. How, to take just one instance, can any rational being compare the pleasure of reading the collected works of Mr. Hall Caine with the pleasure of reading that one word of concentrated criticism by Mr. Andrew Lang—"boomster"? And, to take just one more instance, how can anyone care to go to the theatre when he can sit at home and read Mr. Archer's theatrical criticisms? Yet I have a horrid suspicion that comparatively few people do read them. There is a sinister hint at the close of the present volume that it is not to have many successors. Having occasion to allude to 1903, Mr. Archer says it "is not improbable" that his record will "in the meantime be discontinued." This may be only his fun or a weak yielding to the vulgar superstition against counting chickens before they are hatched—but it casts a gloom over my mind. What am I to do in my old age?

Of those who read Mr. Archer, not all, I fear, read him aright. There is Mr. Sydney Grundy, for instance, who contributes an introduction to the present volume. Mr. Grundy has profited so little by the essays he "introduces" that he still supposes criticism to be something didactic. He actually asks Mr. Archer to "devote one of his luminous chapters to the consideration of its net practical effect on dramatic art. On the whole, is it gain or is it loss?" On the same page he calls criticism a "science." When will Mr. Grundy—and the general public which he represents—get hold of the simple fact that criticism is an art? Tolstoi has recently been asking the question, What is Art? and answering it thus:—"Art is a human activity, consisting in this, that one man consciously, by means of certain external signs, hands on to others feelings he has lived through, and that other people are infected by these feelings, and also experience them." Modify this by reading for "lived through" "lived through *in the theatre*," and you have defined dramatic criticism. Its object is the transmission of feeling; its "net practical effect" is in inverse ratio to the loss in transmission. As to the question of its net practical effect on dramatic art, that is a side-issue, a trifle to amuse the curious.

Criticism, then, being the transmission to others of the feelings excited in us by the thing criticised, he is the best critic who accomplishes the transfer with the least possible leakage. There is, of course, no such thing as a complete transfer, because no two minds are exactly alike. What our mind is like is not the dramatic critic's business, he has to take his chance of that; his business is to give us as accurate a picture as he can of his own mind. And note that we get two pictures, if he knows what he is about; we get the picture (1) of his mind at a given moment, as affected by a particular play, and (2) of his mind in general, his permanent mind, his character, as we say. Note further that picture

No. 1 is, in the ultimate analysis, chiefly interesting to us because it enables us to see picture No. 2. The really interesting thing in every work of art is the artist. The really interesting thing in every criticism is the critic. Let me give an illustration of this from Mr. Archer's book. He prints in parallel columns his verdicts on Mr. Wills's *Olivia* in 1882 and 1897, thus :—

1882.	1897.
Olivia has been praised much above its deserts. It is by no means the best dramatic version we possess of "The Vicar of Wakefield." It contains some beautiful touches, but also several errors of taste, and the last two acts, especially the last of all, are extremely faulty.	*Olivia* is a most sympathetic transcript of "The Vicar of Wakefield." . . . Mr. Wills did not merely paste-and-scissor a play out of a novel, but imbued himself with Goldsmith's humour and sentiment, and then proceeded to an almost independent act of invention and creation.

Here we have two little vignettes of Mr. Archer's mind, as affected by a certain play, at fifteen years' interval. Taken separately, they do not happen to be particularly good pictures. They only tell us that Mr. Archer had certain feelings; they do not transmit those feelings to us. (This is merely because it has not suited Mr. Archer's purpose at the moment to develop his criticism, to tell us *how* the touches struck him as beautiful, and *why* he thought the taste erroneous—he does that elsewhere.) Whence, then, do we get our pleasure? From the fact that it is Mr. Archer himself who points out the contrast between his two verdicts. Hereby he reveals his own character, as a man who must put himself right with his artistic conscience, confess his change of opinion, and find the reason for that change. He does find a reason — never mind what it is—I will only say that it is a reason which takes us from his own particular case to a general principle of criticism.

And there, I think, you have Mr. Archer in a nutshell. You see the sturdy honesty of the man—and it is our consciousness of that element in his character which is somewhere at the back of all the pleasure we take in his criticisms. At the same time, you see him unwilling to let the matter rest as one of personal whim—there never was a less whimsical or wilful critic—he must bring everything "into a concatenation according" with general critical principles. Round these two master qualities of his the rest of his qualities (and, of course, the defects of those qualities) naturally group themselves. With his honesty go a constant anxiety to be fair, a self-denying ordinance never to sacrifice justice to an epigram—and sometimes a tendency to devote to a catalogue of actors and *menus détails* space which (I at least am wicked enough to think) might have been more profitably devoted to disengaging the essence, the "virtue," of the piece itself. With his absence of whim you group, of course, his unfailing common sense, a certain Scotch caution —and sometimes a tendency (see his treatment of the French pantomime-plays) to dismiss pleasures not readily reducible to terms of common-sense as necessarily affected, insincere pleasures. Let me add that the very strength of his character, its power of will, its firmness, occasionally (not often) seems to me to damage his criticism. There are two distinct stages in the process of criticising, are there not? First you surrender yourself, in a state almost of will-lessness, of trance, of perfect suggestibility—as of a good mesmeric "subject"—to the impressions of the moment; then you let your personality react on them. To my mind, Mr. Archer is better at the reaction than the self-surrender. He seems now and then to be impatient to question and examine and co-ordinate his impressions when he might still be passively letting them sink into him. He speaks somewhere in this book a little contemptuously of Whitman's phrase "to loaf and invite one's soul." Now, I hold this loafing and inviting one's soul to be the quintessence of every critical process. Is the explanation that Mr. Archer's temperament is (to use convenient Gallicisms) that of an "intellectual," rather than of a "sensitive," and *a fortiori* than of a "sensual"?

His style I should very much like to consider at length, but my space is exhausted. I cannot, however, deny myself the pleasure of pointing out one of its conspicuous merits—felicity of epithet. Example: "the *peripatetic* school of French vaudeville, of which Labiche's *Chapeau de Paille d'Italie* is the type"; the "elaborate *pigeon-hole* vaudevilles" of Hennequin. "Zendaism" as a label for the latest type of romantic play is a neat invention. Sometimes he gilds a pill of criticism with wit. "In his [Mr. Wilson Barrett's] care for local colour [in *The Daughters of Babylon*], he has filled his very dialogue with Assyrian bulls." Mr. Barrett drags out syllables "like a languishing concertina." His revival of the discredited word "affability" for Mr. Forbes Robertson's Hamlet is another happy thought. Of seasonable quotation, too, he has always been a master. There is wit as well as aptness in quoting—

> "Though fallen on evil days,
> On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues,
> In darkness, and with danger compassed round,
> And solitude——"

of the blind ruffian, Pew, in *Admiral Guinea*. These are the things in Mr. Archer which give me, as a fellow-craftsman, little thrills of delight. Perhaps you will suspect that I am biassed by the fellow-craftsman in me; that I am "preaching for my own saint." I don't think that is so; but even if it were it need not disturb Mr. Archer's peace of mind. We hear of poets' poets—they are, like Homer's version of the Iliad, "the best." And so Mr. Archer need not disdain to be a critics' critic.

A. B. W.

THE REVOLT OF FRENCH PRIESTS.

ON the heels of an association formed under Papal patronage "for the conversion of England," comes a second—that of French priests and ex-priests banded together for the evangelisation of the Romish Church. Outsiders may smile at the former movement, recalling the admonition, "Physician, heal thyself"; no upholder of Papal Infallibility, no fervent Catholic can afford to make light of the latter. The first organ of the new society appeared on the 1st of November last under the name of "Le Chrétien Français, Bulletin Mensuel de la Réforme évangélique dans le Catholicisme, rédigé par un groupe de Prêtres et d'anciens Prêtres." But long before the movement took shape many outsiders were well aware of what was going on. Within recent years secessions from the priesthood and re-consecration by the Reformed Church have been sufficiently numerous to disconcert the orthodox. The present writer, when in eastern France last autumn, found a Protestant friend, a well-known littérateur, corresponding with seven would-be recalcitrants needing advice; an eighth was living under this gentleman's roof, earning board and shelter during the long vacation by gardening and farm work. There seems no doubt that the revolt is spreading and that the consequences may be far-reaching. At the head of the Association are two converts whose names have lately been a good deal before the French public—ex-Abbé Charbonnel, re-consecrated as a Protestant pastor on the 24th of October last, and ex-Abbé Bourrier, who was excommunicated by his Bishop and also entered the Protestant ministry. The objects aimed at are clearly defined and set forth in the pages before us. First and foremost is recognised the necessity of combined action, of forming a cohesive body and rallying-point of doubters, hesitants and inquirers. Into what depths of wretchedness and despair are we here introduced! Let us take as an instance one of the numerous letters finding its way into the editorial box. The writer, a young country curate of some remote village, thus unburdens him-

self: "I have read with keen interest your pamphlet, *Tu es Petrus*. You thereby open a campaign in a conscientious spirit and for the general benefit. Your conclusions, that the Romish Church has falsified the Gospel, have led you to quit the priesthood. For a long time I have coveted the same courage. I admire you without the strength to imitate. Moreover, where to go? Without means, unfitted for active life no matter in what career, what would become of me? Again, the public scandal involved, the severance of family ties in my own case, the carrying of desolation into a humble home, home of fervent believers! Whither to turn? What issue to hope for? What future? None, none. Here, my spirit in fetters, my heart torn with anguish, here must I live and die!"

Of quite another interest are the numerous and varied comments of outsiders. One layman, a senator writes: "Pursue your work with courage; it reflects credit on its initiators." Another, a deputy, thus expresses himself concerning the apology of ex-Abbé Bourrier on his consecration as a pastor. "Your discourse is so well thought out, so real (*si vécu*), you so well express the anguish of a reverent mind, that I have read it with deep emotion. This attitude of Romish clergy well deserves attention." Both correspondents, be it noted, are Catholics born and bred. Bibliographical lists are given for the benefit of the inquirer, many of the books named, we should say, being somewhat inaccessible to seminarists and curés. Another feature of the movement is the proposed opening of a half-way house for intending seceders under the name of "Une Maison hospitalière pour les Prêtres Démissionaires"; here the friendless would find a refuge, succour, and, above all, instruction before taking the final step. By way of comment on this strange phase of French life, we cannot do better than read the late Ferdinand Fabre's tremendously powerful novel, "L'Abbé Tigrane." Here we are brought face to face with a revolt inside the pale of orthodoxy.

KNIGHT-ERRANTRY.

"THE need of knight-errantry was never greater in the world than now," said the ingenious gentleman Don Quixote de la Mancha to his squire, Sancho Panza, as they lunched together on bread and cheese in a coombe of the Downs, while Rozinante and Dapple, trespassing at their will, feasted on the young corn.

"Persuade me of that if you can," said Sancho Panza. "In this country of England, whither the enchanters that persecute your worship have carried us nolly-wolly——"

"You must mean *nolens volens*, or, perhaps, willy-nilly, Sancho," interrupted Don Quixote.

"Master of mine," quoth Sancho, "how often have I besought your worship to let me go my own way? What does it matter about the words when the meaning is as plain as the nose on your worship's sorrowful countenance? God help me with my own! Give me the ass that carries me rather than the horse that throws me; for he who goes softly goes safely; and who goes safely goes far. Too much is worse than nothing, and little sticks kindle a great fire; and though you can never fill a greedy eye, yet one day the glutton gets enough, and that is when the gravedigger feeds him with a spade."

"Devil of a man!" cried Don Quixote, "will you never be done stringing proverbs as germane to the matter as a rosary to a swine's snout?"

"Sir, if you had not interrupted me," replied Sancho, "I would have strung no proverbs, but come out plump with the thing I want to say; for one beats the bush and another catches the birds; and the thief will tell you if I am an honest man."

"Enough said, Sancho. What is this thing that you want to come out with?"

"In this country of England," replied Sancho, "I have heard a word which is likely to put the nose of knight-errantry out of joint once for all."

"And what word is that, Sancho?"

"Science, your worship," quoth Sancho.

"Science put the nose of knight-errantry out of joint!" cried Don Quixote. "Sooner shall the incomparable beauty of the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso become as dust and ashes in the memory of this her captive knight! Neither science nor nescience shall ever be able to dislocate the meanest joint or member of that most glorious calling, whose inenarrable renown, inadequately celebrated even in the most powerful speech of men, extends and radiates to the ends of the earth. But tell me, son Sancho, what is this that you have heard of science?"

"Why, sir," replied Sancho, "I have heard of a new horse called Sociology"—and here Sancho spoke very deliberately and carefully, having committed the words to memory at the instigation of an Itinerant whom he had met on the way between Poynings and Beeding—"a new horse called Sociology out of Biology by Science-in-General, which they say can take a heavy handicap and outstrip Rozinante any day; and on this horse, it was told me very seriously, all governors of islands, countries, empires, and continents are riding forth even now to the defence of the weak against the strong, the righting of widows and orphans, and the overthrow of robbers and tyrants."

"Whoever says," answered Don Quixote in high wrath, "that Rozinante is not the noblest of all chargers, past, present, and to come, the soundest in wind and limb, of unparalleled strength and substance, the most docile on a journey, and the most terrible in the shock of battle, lies in his throat. And as for Sociology, Sancho, I have something to say to you about that; and in order that you may apprehend my meaning fully it is necessary that I should inform you of some matters concerning the Government of England, the country in which we now are. Know, then, Sancho, that the Government of England has been monarchic for many hundreds of years; but as there are two to a bargain, besides the Monarchy there has always flourished some other archy or cracy, just as, in men, within and over and above the body you have the soul. For a long time this soul of England was a Theocracy; but one of the monarchs, a very terrible man, who hacked and chipped at his people, for all the world as one whittles a stick out of sheer *ennui*—Bluff King Hal they called him—this unfathomable monster said to himself one fine morning, 'I'll be the Theocrat as well as the Monarch'; and he set about it straightway, starting a fermentation so prodigious that Time could not clarify it in less than a century and a half. Then they found, as Tom Fool could have told them they would, that things were pretty well where they had been before; only, instead of a Theocracy, the soul of the State was now a Philosophocracy."

"Heaven be my aid!" cried Sancho; "master of my soul, what a word is that! Philoso——what?"

"Philosophocracy, Sancho; or perhaps I should say Metaphysiocracy," replied Don Quixote.

"Have a care, Signor Don Quixote," rejoined Sancho, anxiously. "These are not words to be said lightly: a merciful man should have mercy on his own jaws, especially if, like your worship's, the slings of the shepherds and herdsmen have made an inroad already."

"Brother Sancho," said Don Quixote, "meddle with what concerns you, and attend to my discourse in silence. How often must I drill it into these gross ears of yours that the first virtue of squires is silence? Reply not! Swallow down that mouthful of proverbs, dull ruminant, and listen to me. I say, with the advent of William of Orange the soul of England became definitely a Philosophocracy. Instead of an Absolute Monarchy and the Divine Right of Kings there was established at the dictation, or, rather, by the inspiration, of the two famous

sages, Hobbes and Locke, a Limited Monarchy and the British Constitution. But wicked enchanters flinging their spells into the spongy air from the neighbouring country of Gaul during a time of turbulence and upheaval unloosed a baleful spirit of inquiry which kept nagging and nibbling at the Philosophocracy, and which has now, finally, by one of the subtlest and most astounding pieces of sorcery recorded in history, transmogrified the said Philoscphocracy into a Plutocracy, supposed—and that is the miracle—by the majority of the inhabitants of this deluded island to be, not a Plutocracy, but to all intents and purposes a Democracy. Now, Sancho, it is upon the very back of this new horse, Sociology, that the Plutocracy rides, the backbone of Sociology being that Things Must Be as They Are, its fore-legs the Struggle for Existence, and its hind-legs the Survival of the Fittest. The meaning of this is that men in power and thinkers and artists have renounced all endeavour towards the realisation of what we sometimes call the Kingdom of Heaven, and have consciously relapsed into a state of savagery, in which every man's hand is against his neighbour's, and nation armed against nation. The warfare is one of stratagems, of starving, of chicanery, of corners, of syndicates, of trusts, companies, and combinations. Front-de-bœuf no longer shuts up unwary travellers in his dungeon till they have paid an exorbitant ransom; but the capitalist for his private profit regulates the price of the necessaries of life; and the production of food and clothing, of coal and iron, is gradually passing from the control of the need of the consumer into the control of the greed of the shareholder. A war similar to this civil one of commerce, with its indirect ruin, which the individual carries on, international strife is also engaged in on an extended scale, employing, besides, the most terrible and direct means of slaughter and destruction ever invented on the earth. There are twenty millions of men in Europe trained to arms, and a conflict in which they shall all be involved is generally expected. Bethink you, Sancho, what it behoves us to do. Of all men, I, Don Quixote, am the most famous written of since the beginning of the Christian Era. Not Sigurd, not Orlando, not Hamlet, not Faust, but I, Don Quixote de la Mancha, am he whose name the world would cherish should all others be forgotten. Something sublime is expected of me at this crisis in the affairs of men; and therefore it is, Sancho, that we have been carried hither to this country of England, not, as you surmised, by wicked sorcerers, but by the sage and noble-minded enchanter who superintends the business of my life; because, in this country, although the soul of its Limited Monarchy is now a Plutocracy, there remains more liberty of thought, speech, and action than in any other, be it Empire, Kingdom, or Republic. More liberty, I say, and a more liberal mood in men. Here, therefore, is the field for that greatest of all adventures reserved for me alone, and which shall result in the establishment of a new order of knight-errantry, whose glory and renown shall as far exceed the old as the sun exceeds the farthing splendour of a tallow-dip. Following the counsel of the most noble, the most reverend, and the most enlightened of all sages, the famous Muscovite Count, I shall enforce all comers, on pain of instant death at my hands, to accept the doctrine of the Non-Resistance of Evil. As all men know, it is the dealer of the second blow who causes the fight. If there be an end of retaliation, there is a beginning of endless peace. In this country of England, Free Trade has already established a precedent of non-retaliation in the matter of tariffs; and the present Prime Minister, by his graceful and well-timed concessions, has given, in a manner worthy of my own illustrious fame, a shining example of how to turn the other cheek. I shall go forth, Sancho, into the highways and the towns, and compel the men of England to Non-Resistance. The money-lender shall burn his bills; the 'bull' and the 'bear' shall lie down in peace together; the company promoter shall spend his substance in the endowment of orphans and the portioning of widows; and the magistrate shall bestow upon the thief double what he stole, and offer his own neck to the knife of the murderer. I'll have it so, Sancho. All or nothing is the motto. Not only shall the Foreign Secretary implore China to lease Port Arthur to the Czar; but the Colonial Secretary shall present the Punjaub to the Russians with apologies for having withheld it from them so long. These things I shall compel them to do at the point of my lance."

"May I ask your worship a question?" said Sancho demurely.

"Ask, Sancho," said Don Quixote.

"What kind of lesson in Non-Resistance of Evil will your worship give men by attacking it lance in rest?"

"You know nought of the matter, Sancho," replied Don Quixote. "Evil must be attacked and overthrown in order that it may cease to be resisted. Merely to speak against it is to resist it. You never can have Non-Resistance of Evil, Sancho, until there is none to resist."

"Truly," thought Sancho, "this master of mine is madder than ever, for he contradicts himself at every turn." But he said aloud, "Signor Don Quixote, all that your worship says may very well be; for a strong man never wanted a weapon; and every fox must pay his own brush. The Emperor of Germany, as the French say, is the King of Kings; the King of Spain, King of men; the King of France, King of asses; and the King of England, King of devils; and he that is embarked with the devil must make the passage along with him."

"For once, Sancho," said Don Quixote, as he mounted Rozinante and led the way over the Downs, "your proverb hits the mark." JOHN DAVIDSON.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

FAREWELL TO DISUNION.

SIR,—A Parnellite Member of the House of Commons was reported the other day to have cried, "*Vive la France!*" This was a warning. Set up in Ireland a separate Parliament under Parnellite leadership, and you will presently have a struggle for complete independence, with an appeal to French support; and if the struggle is successful, vassalage of Ireland to France.

You are told that Ireland will not be satisfied without a separate nationality, and that you must look forward ultimately to that concession. This counsel comes from a quarter from which I have always believed that the idea of Home Rule was infused into the mind of Mr. Gladstone—a mind very open to infusion, though closed against advice. Mr. Gladstone's "History of an Idea" must have been largely the work of retro-active imagination, since it is inconceivable that, with Home Rule in his thoughts, he should have continued to lead the nation on the opposite line, have denounced Parnell as wading through rapine to dismemberment, have thrown him and his followers into jail, or have allowed his own Home Secretary, Sir William Harcourt, to rise night after night in the House of Commons and desperately commit himself and the party to uncompromising resistance.

Men who knew the Irish people better than did either Mr. Gladstone when he committed himself to Home Rule or those by whom he was inspired, always told me that it was the land, not separate nationality, that was the real object of desire. They had history on their side. O'Connell was far the greatest of Celtic leaders, yet his repeal agitation came to nothing. So did the political movement under Smith O'Brien and Butt. Parnellism owed its measure of success as a political movement to its union with agrarian agitation. Agrarian agitation having been pretty well allayed by the changes in the Land Law, the bottom, to use an American expression, has fallen out of Home Rule.

A Celtic nationality of Ireland there never was nor could be. The Celts remained in the tribal state, or at least without any other political organisation, down to the reign of James I., when, in addition to the English of the Pale, a large section of the island in the north was planted with English and Scotch. The Celtic rising in the time of Charles I. was religious and agrarian. At its head was a Papal Nuncio. The insurgents professed allegiance to the King of England, with whom they

were all the time in negotiation for concessions as the price of their support. The Celtic rising in the time of James II. was in like manner religious and agrarian, and at its head was an English King.

The pioneers of Home Rule, in the early part of the eighteenth century, and even their successors at a later day, appealed not to the Catholic Celt, but to the dominant race.

There is no Irish dynasty; there is no ancient Celtic capital except the legendary Tara; there is no traditional centre or palladium of nationality whatever.

The language of the two islands with all its influences is now one. The races are mingled. For while there is an Ulster in Ireland, there is a large element of Celtic Irish and their children in Great Britain. The commercial tie of Ireland to the British market is manifest. The channel, once wide enough to estrange, has been narrowed, and is being daily narrowed more by improvement of communication. What is there in nature to dictate separation?

The religious question, though, of course, not the agrarian question, was settled by Disestablishment. Religion is becoming less of a barrier everywhere. The Irish hierarchy and priesthood, moreover, must be blind if they do not see that the Clan-na-gael is not ecclesiastical, and that in the event of separation they would be likely to find themselves, after a short-lived ascendancy, grappling with the Socialist and anti-sacerdotal revolution.

The municipal question, which alone remained, seems now to be in a fair way of settlement. A prospect of the peaceful and prosperous industry, which is the one thing needed by Ireland, opens at last.

Irish politicians whose position depends on Home Rule will, of course, try to keep the movement on foot. They may be aided by British politicians who stand in need of the Irish vote, and who have been trying for their party purpose to stir up disunionist sentiment in Scotland and Wales, as well as in Ireland. But the names of the British politicians will hardly be written hereafter in letters of light.—Yours faithfully,

Toronto, March 1st. GOLDWIN SMITH.

"RUSSIA AND GREECE."

SIR,—"Viator's" long letter is a case where it is impossible to see the wood for the trees; his conclusion, whatever it be, is lost in the process. His letter, while purporting to be a reply to mine, is in fact no reply at all. I will only correct two or three errors about myself.

1. It was *not* I "who provoked this controversy."

2. To characterise the King of the Hellenes as my "royal client" is an uncalled-for discourtesy. I have defended the King, as I would defend anybody else, from slanderous accusations. "Viator" has the good taste and fairness to suggest in his last letter that the attack on the King's life was an arranged affair. I will not degrade my pen by discussing a suggestion which I consider discreditable, and which has its origin in London, not in Greece.

3. "Viator" says that I "visited Athens for a few days in April last." I spent more than a month in Greece and more than a fortnight in Athens, when I had opportunities of talking to all sorts and conditions of men of various nationalities—diplomatists, travellers, journalists, editors, war correspondents, and Greeks of every shade of politics; and not only did I never hear a word of the story which "Viator" has circulated, but I received information from authentic—not royal—sources which is absolutely inconsistent with it. I invite "Viator" to give the name and address of one responsible and trustworthy Greek who believes in it.

4. I repeat that "Viator's" quotations from Mr. Henry Norman are entirely irrelevant: they do not sustain "Viator's" accusations in the slightest degree.

5. "Viator's" gibe about "the ridicule cast upon his [my] visions of impalements along the banks of the Danube" is a fair measure of his accuracy. He accepts popular gossip without taking the trouble to verify it. I have never said or written a word about "impalements on the banks of the Danube." A writer with the signature of "Viator" ought not to leave it to me to inform him that the Danube does not approach Turkish territory between Buda Pesth and Belgrade. His sneer at "personal knowledge acquired at the *table d'hôte* or the royal ante-chamber" may be left without comment. But, in the name of reason and common-sense, what could war correspondents in Thessaly know about the arcana of secret diplomacy in Athens, and about an alleged secret compact with the Russian Government long before they set foot on the shores of Greece? I have great respect for war correspondents in their own special province; but *ne sutor ultra crepidam.*

6. I repeat that the King was at no time "in advance of popular excitement," and it is into "Viator's" "political computations," not into mine, that "dates manifestly do not enter." A year before the invasion of Crete by Colonel Vassos, the Austrian Foreign Minister told our Ambassador that, unless the Great Powers intervened on behalf of the Cretans, popular feeling in Greece would force the Hellenic Government to intervene, "with the sympathy of Europe"; a forecast which was ratified by the foreign legations in Athens. The Blue Books are absolutely conclusive against "Viator."

7. "Viator" pleads that "direct evidence is rarely available" in such a case as his. But I submit that nothing short of direct evidence ought to be advanced in support of personal imputations of the most heinous and dishonouring character. British law would make short work of "Viator's" plea. I have no personal interest in this matter; but I love fair play, and I venture to think that even kings are entitled to justice. He can be no true friend of Greece who would seek to discredit the King of the Hellenes and his dynasty. The alternative is revolution, anarchy and chaos. History will, I believe, record that King George has filled with credit and honour, since he went to Greece in his teens, a post full of difficulty and danger.—I remain, etc., MALCOLM MACCOLL.

March 16th.

THE GOVERNMENT BENEFICES BILL.

SIR,—It is disappointing to observe how readily many of the Liberals have voted for the Government Benefices Bill. It is questionable whether the purchase of livings is really more objectionable than many of the other forms of Church patronage. In the former you have, perhaps, Church patronage in its naked deformity; but, in the latter, you have the same deformity concealed behind an artfully contrived drapery. Time enough, one would have thought, for the Liberals to have voted for the restriction of purchase when other evils were amended. The purchase of livings opens the way into the Church for incumbents of liberal views, who otherwise, as anyone of any experience knows, would have little chance of a benefice in country districts. It affords a trifling counterpoise to the enormous influence of the Prime Minister in administering the Crown patronage. It may be admitted that the fact of paying down a sum of money is a very poor qualification for a benefice. But is the qualification for a bishopric or a deanery necessarily of a higher order? Does not the chief qualification in the selection of the dignitaries of the Church appear to be an unquestionable loyalty to the vested interests of the wealthy and a recognised innocence of any desire to set the cat among the Church pigeons? But, deplorable as is the whole system of Church patronage, I have not the temerity to suggest any remedy. Probably the existing evils connected with the system are incurable until a higher standard of morals has been evolved among the laity, which will bring with it a higher standard also in the clergy. The clergy are quite as great adepts at intrigue as the laity. Meanwhile the prospects of the Established Church appear gloomy enough. No crucial reform can be made except by Parliament, and the parties interested in bolstering up the Establishment dare not put the machinery in motion for fear of the Establishment being disrupted during the process. Hence, the Established Church can no longer adapt itself to its surroundings, which is one of the sure signs of senile decay. If nothing can be done to bring up the Establishment to modern requirements, the advanced Broad Churchmen will be in danger of finding themselves in the dilemma of the Roman augurs—scarcely able, upon meeting one another, to help smiling at the absurdity of the position.—I am, yours, etc.,

FRANCIS MINTON,
Vicar of Middlewich.

The Vicarage, Middlewich,
March 14th.

ERRATA.—In "Viator's" letter last week, in the third paragraph, "avers" should stand for "owns," and in the last paragraph, "of the Greeks" should be added after the words "the deep-seated loyalty."

REVENGE.

MY enemy's sweet songs!—
I drew strength from their sweetness,
And arrows for my wrongs
And wings to urge my fleetness.
But when my dark was day,
And I was mighty thro' him,
I harped my hate away,
And with his songs I slew him.

My enemy lay slain,
And I stood, strong and living;
The muffled drums in pain
Beat o'er his grave, forgiving:
But I, who had foreseen
The dead man in the clay there,
Knew death no closing scene;
And harped my grief away there.

I chose the sweetest tune
He left, to live forever;
And harped the winter noon
Into a summer fever:

I sang of Death the gateway
To Life, and gave requick'ning
To lethal clay, till straightway
The dead mould ceased from sick'ning.

I harped his Life-in-Death,
Until, the requiem over,
His kindred in one breath
Cried, "Lo! his only Lover—
Who loved too well the splendour
Of men to bear their wrongs:
And slew the black offender,
But saved his sweetest songs!"

ERNEST RHYS.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

"SONGS OF ENGLAND."

IN compliance with suggestions frequently received during these two years Mr. Alfred Austin has issued a volume of his more patriotic verse under conditions which place it within the reach, at least, of the many. It contains (I quote from the Preface) no pieces that are not to be found elsewhere among his Works, but apart from each other, and "in the immediate company of other utterances of less national import." Few will deny that the popular wish to possess these songs in the cheapest possible form was a sagacious one, or that Mr. Austin has done wisely as well as amiably in satisfying it. On the one hand, it can only be considered a healthy sign that a new generation, while not rejecting the patriotic songs of its fathers, should desire to have their spirit translated into new words. The spirit remains the same; the theme, perhaps, is not susceptible of great variety of treatment. But even varied iteration signifies that the age which demands it is at least not forgetful, not content to take its inheritance for granted, but desires to find words of its own to express both its pride and its sense of responsibility. On the other hand, and looking at the question from the poet's point of view, we see that Mr. Austin had to justify, to himself and the public, the confidence he so finely expressed on the morrow of the death of Lord Tennyson.

"Nor shall in Britain Taliessin tire.
Transmitting through his stock the sacred strain.
When fresh renown prolongs Victoria's Reign,
Some patriot hand will sweep the living lyre,
And prove, with native notes, that Merlin was his sire."

This confidence, along the whole range of poetry which Tennyson's death left for a while uncommanded, has yet, perhaps, to be completely justified. But in the particular matter of patriotic verse Mr. Austin has carried on the tradition, and this small volume may be said to marshall the evidence that he has carried it on worthily. The impulse—love of home and pride of country—which inspired Mr. J. Howard Payne to write—

"'Mid pleasures and palaces
Although we may roam,
Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home;"

and Tennyson to declare that "There is no land like England, where'er the light of day be: There are no maids like English maids . . ." and so forth, has clearly been transmitted to the Laureate who sings that—

"For winsome grace and sterling worth
Nothing can match, where'er we roam,
An English wife in English home."

or again—

"If you would put it to the proof,
Then round the zodiac roam;
But never will you find the roof
To match an English home."

The very rhymes echo Mr. Austin's conservatism of sentiment. Conservatism is indeed a passion with his Muse (of course I do not use the word in a party sense, any more than Mr. Austin uses it in a party sense—*vide* his Preface—when he tells us in three sonnets "Why England is Conservative"). He loves England so heartily that it almost seems he could wish nothing changed: he desires no innovations even in her poetry. He loves to greet the primrose and the cuckoo returning with the spring, to watch the whistling "yokel" going about his work "hard by the homes where gentle lordship dwells"; to see everything (and everybody) in its place; and to muse on all this much as he mused last year and much as other poets mused before he was born. It follows that Mr. Austin can compose with almost startling rapidity. The dirge which he entitles "The Passing of Merlin" promptly appeared in the *Times* on the morrow of Tennyson's death; and of a sequence of three sonnets directed against the scheme for a Channel Tunnel we are expressly told that it was "written in Mid-Channel"—a creditable feat even if the Laureate travelled *viâ* Newhaven and Dieppe. Mr. Austin hates the notion of a Channel Tunnel. "Can it be," he demands—

"That men who learned to lisp at English knees
Of English fame, to pamper womanish ease
And swell the surfeits of voracious trade
Shall the impregnable breakers undermine,
Take ocean in reverse and, basely bold,
Burrow beneath the bastions of the brine?—
Nay, England, if the citadel be sold
For lucre thus, Tarpeia's doom be thine,
And perish smothered in a grave of gold!"

The whole passage is strong; and the suggested picture of Sir Edward Watkin, in the first line, even staggering.

But Mr. Austin does not often find himself driven to denunciation. He is confident in the strength of our "bastions of the brine" (*bis*), our "bulwark of the waves."

"Beyond these straits the wild-beast mob may roar,
Elsewhere the veering demagogue beguile:
We, hand in hand with the Past, look on and smile,
And tread the way our fathers trod before.
What though some wretch, whose glory you may trace
Past lonely hearths and unrecorded graves,
Round his Sword-sceptre summoning swarms of slaves,
Menace *our* shores with conflict or disgrace—
We laugh behind the bulwark of the waves,
And fling the foam defiant in his face."

This combined sense of the beauty of English landscape, of the conservatism of English social life, and the majesty of England's naval power, makes Mr. Austin feel that life really is worth living—

"Not care to live while English homes
Nestle in English trees,
And England's Trident-Sceptre roams
Her territorial seas!"

("territorial"—from Latin *terra*, "water.") Why the notion is absurd!—perhaps a trifle more absurd if you happen to possess a pretty garden and be a poet laureate than if you happen to be a "whistling yokel" and belong to that picturesque class which the Laureate reasonably calls "lowly": but absurd enough in either case!

Mr. Austin combines (as Mr. William Watson said of him the other day) his love of Country with a *love of the country*. "The phrases themselves stand for things widely different, but it seems fated that the things themselves should be found present together or together absent." (Dr. Johnson, Lord Palmerston, the late Richard Jefferies, and Mr. Grant Allen are instances which will occur to everyone.) Affectionate study of natural and rural phenomena may be traced on almost every page. I do not believe that any poet before Mr. Austin has put on record the simple natural law that—

"Silenced are the opprobrious winds
Whene'er the sun goes down;" (p. 39.)

or has observed, with the same thoroughness, the behaviour of cattle towards sunset, when—

> "Blithe herds
> Wend homeward with unweary feet,
> Carolling like the birds." (p. 53.)

Little touches such as these cannot fail to commend to the few a volume which may rely with assurance upon its patriotism, its cheapness, and its healthy tone to command a popular success as well.

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

THE GOVERNMENT AND POLITICS OF FRANCE.

FRANCE. By John Edward Courtenay Bodley. Two vols. London: Macmillan & Co.

FEW greater or more difficult literary enterprises can be undertaken than that of presenting, within reasonable limits, a picture, at once minute and accurate, of the constitution, the governmental machinery, and the political habits of a great modern nation. It is not merely that the writer must avoid partisanship, because that is a difficulty which a mind truly imbued with the historical spirit, who can look at the present as if it were the past, may hope to overcome. It is rather that he must not allow that full and minute knowledge which is essential to the due fulfilment of his task to prevent him from seeing and presenting the main outlines of the subject, must not let his views be confused and his pages overloaded by details which would perplex the reader and obscure those outlines. Or, in other words, it is not only knowledge and judgment and fairness that are needed, but also the kind of skill which knows how to subordinate details to essentials and to combine a large number of observations and illustrations so as to lead up to a few broad and definite conclusions.

In point of knowledge, Mr. Bodley is extremely well qualified for his undertaking. He tells us that he has lived long in France, and visited every corner of it. He is as much at home in the country as the late Mr. Hamerton, though he does not quite attain to the tender and sympathetic touch which we enjoyed in the pages of that gifted writer. Indeed, he has become so French as to indulge in not a few Gallicisms of style. As regards fairness between ecclesiastical or political parties, he is open to no reproach, having evidently sought to hold the balance even, not only between Monarchists and Republicans, but also between the various sections of the latter. Though he generally writes clearly and well, avoiding rhetoric, he is apt to indulge a tendency to over-pompous phrases. And he sometimes vexes the reader who wants a plain account of some subject by an artificial way of writing highly-finished sentences all round it instead of going straight to the point. His elaborate and yet unsatisfactory treatment of the question of political corruption, in Vol. II., is an instance of this fault. The plan of the book has been well thought out, and is a good one. After the Introduction, which describes at unnecessary length his travels and studies, he gives us a further introduction, historical in form, but interspersed with many comments on existing phenomena, wherein the character and results of the Great Revolution of 1789–99, together with those of the three subsequent revolutions (1830, 1848–9, and 1870–1), really in a sense episodes in one long revolution, are set forth, and their influence on the existing social and political conditions of France is explained. Next comes a short account of the present constitution, followed by a description of the machinery of government, viz. the President, the two Chambers, the Ministry, and the parliamentary system as a whole. Finally, we have eight chapters, filling one hundred and forty pages, on the political parties. These topics are, of course, not all the topics that need to be studied to obtain a just idea of contemporary France, so the author tells us in his preface that he has "planned another to deal with the Centralised Administration, the Church and Education, the Judicial and Fiscal Systems, as well as with questions relating to Capital and Labour, to the Colonies and to the Army." This is a natural and convenient arrangement of the subject; and it is on the whole well carried out, though the preliminary historical sketch is rather too long and too discursive, and the whole book would gain by compression. We do not complain of the frequent illustrative anecdotes, for they relieve the disquisitional parts, and they are usually appropriate and well told. But where so large a field has to be covered, conciseness becomes a prime necessity; and a large part of the book, entertaining though it is, has but little to do with the main problems it endeavours to solve.

There is so much in these large volumes which a reviewer would gladly abstract or discuss, that it is difficult to select particular points for special treatment. The parts to which most readers will turn at the present moment, when the instability of the present form of government has been forcibly recalled to our minds, are those which describe the various sections of opinion, and estimate the strength of each of them, and which present a view of that corruption in public life which the Panama scandals brought to the knowledge of Europe. The latter subject is dealt with in a manner which cannot be called adequate, for it leaves us with no idea of the extent to which either direct pecuniary corruption on the one hand, or jobbery and logrolling on the other, have spread among Ministers, administrative officials, and legislators. Neither does the author's explanation of the difference between the British and the French Chambers command our assent. Mr. Bodley ascribes the inferiority of France to the want of party discipline, thinking that if each party as a whole were more responsible for the conduct of its members, its members would better resist temptation. Few Englishmen will believe that the superiority of their Parliament to this kind of turpitude rests on so slender a foundation, not to add that there have been times in England when a stricter party discipline coincided with a far lower morality than the House of Commons now displays, and that there are other countries where rigid party discipline has entirely failed to produce purity. Thus we are left without a satisfactory explanation of one of the features in the present Republic which has caused the deepest disappointment to the friends of popular government, who, as Mr. Bodley himself admits, used to ascribe the corruptions of the Second Empire to the despotic *régime* of those days.

The sketch of French parties—or rather groups—occupies the last eight chapters of the second volume. It is very readable, being interspersed with personal characterisations and anecdotes which will be new to the bulk of English readers; and it shows the author's intimate familiarity with the annals of the last twenty-five years. Yet it leaves us unsatisfied. Fully half of it is occupied with what is really gossip about the leading political figures, and neither the tenets of the groups, nor the amount of support which each has in the country, nor the extent to which one or other set of tenets seem to be making way, are handled with sufficient grip and thoroughness. To us, at least, Mr. Bodley, though always interesting and often suggestive, is not convincing. We find ourselves frequently wishing for a few pages by Mr. Laurence Lowell, whose book on Governments and Politics in Continental Europe was reviewed in THE SPEAKER some weeks ago; for in Mr. Lowell we found that determination to grapple with and get to the bottom of a difficulty which is often wanting in Mr. Bodley, wider and more minute as is the knowledge which the latter possesses. Mr. Bodley

describes seven groups—the Royalists, the "plebiscitary element," the Ralliés (Royalists who, mostly under the influence of the Pope's Encyclical of 1892, now adhere to the Republic), the Left Centre, the Opportunists, the Radicals, and the Socialists. Of these the Opportunists are now numerically the strongest, and from their ranks most recent Ministries have been formed. The Radicals, who were in power in 1895 under M. Bourgeois, have a specific programme, and they still excite alarm among moderate men, because the power of disposing of patronage would enable a Radical Cabinet, if so disposed, to deliver over the country to officials unwilling or unable to repress disorder. Latterly a section of them have entered into a sort of alliance with the Socialists, who, though numbering little more than thirty out of a Chamber of 584, are prominent by their vehemence, by the recent growth in their strength, and by the fact that they have so large a support in Paris. The Royalists are a declining body, intellectually feeble, and discredited by the frequent errors of their leaders. The Left Centre, though its opinions are still those of the majority of the cultivated and distinguished men of the country outside politics, has shrunk almost to nothing in the Chamber, and is not very strong even in the Senate. Its decline is to English eyes a regrettable sign of political decay, for no French party was so much in accord with English views of statesmanship and politics; and no policy seemed to offer so fair a prospect of making French parliamentary government work like English as that which the eminent leaders of the Left Centre, of whom M. Léon Say was virtually the last, were accustomed to advocate.

This brings us to a point to which Mr. Bodley frequently, yet from his point of view not too frequently, recurs—the unsuitability of the English constitutional and parliamentary system to French conditions, and the harm done by attempting to transplant English institutions to France. In several interesting passages (and specially at p. 246 of Vol. II.) he notes the tendency of enlightened Frenchmen at various times from Montesquieu onwards, to admire the British Constitution and to believe that an imitation of it in France would secure there the comparative peace and order which had marked free government on the other side of the Channel. It has been the lot of France to suffer from foreign influences, or at least to undergo them at the wrong time. Had she tried to imitate England rather than America in 1789-92, she might have fared better; had she tried to reproduce America rather than England in 1815 or 1830, she might have fared better and could hardly have fared worse. As Mr. Bodley observes, the social elements as well as the political habits which have made the success of the English parliamentary system have in France been wanting. But he goes too far when he ascribes the misfortunes of France to this cause. There is no reason to believe a *régime autoritaire*, or an autocracy like that of Napoleon (which so frequently excites his admiration), would have secured any greater happiness to the people than they enjoyed under the Monarchy of July, or enjoy under the Third Republic. It was, indeed, an almost autocratic Government which in 1870 landed them in the greatest military catastrophe of this century; and unsatisfactory as the present Republic may be, there is every reason to think that Boulangism would have been still worse. It would have contained no elements or tendencies making for a better future; whereas an Englishman can hardly help believing that the habit of working a popular Government, which the country now enjoys, and the unusually long period of time that has elapsed since a revolution or *coup d'état*, entitle the Republic to more credit than the Second Empire or the Monarchy of the Restoration, each of which fell in less than twenty years by its own faults. Mr. Bodley seems to expect another revolution which will again establish a military despotism, and no doubt there are dangerous symptoms pointing that way. But while there is life there is hope.

Among the other topics on which these volumes throw valuable light is the working of the Senate—a body imperfectly understood in England, but quite worth studying as an instance of a Second Chamber which plays a useful if not an eminent part—and the organisation of the machinery of the Central Government. Though we have noted defects in the book, and find in it no solution for some of the gravest problems which an observation of French history and politics raises, we are glad again to acknowledge the interest of its contents, and we hope that the author will complete his plan by dealing with other topics essential to a due comprehension of modern France.

A SPECTATOR OF INFINITIES.

RELIGIO MEDICI AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Sir Thomas Browne. Edited by D. Lloyd Roberts, M.D. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

THERE is something infinitely delightful in the constant reproduction—with all the grace and elegance of the day, with every advantage of type and paper—of old-world volumes. We love to see our favourites, our old calf-skins, gaily attired, flaunting in shop-windows, and lying flirtatiously in ladies' boudoirs. We hate exclusiveness in these matters. We never were able to go with Charles Lamb in his declaration that he knew no more heartless sight than the reprint of the "Anatomy of Melancholy." Our feelings are rather those of Sir Thomas Browne himself, who says—

> "To be reserved and caitiff in this part of goodness is the sordidest piece of covetousness, and more contemptible than the pecuniary avarice. . . . I make not my head a grave, but a treasury of knowledge. I intend no monopoly, but a community of learning. . . . I envy no man that knows more than myself, but pity them that know less."

It is two hundred and fifty-six years since the first edition of "Religio Medici" made its appearance in the troubled days of 1642, and here we have now in 1898 it would be hard to say (numerically) what edition of the same book. Every new edition of a good book reaches somebody who has never been reached before. Books have their destinies, as we all know, and so has each copy of a book, which must of necessity find shelter somewhere—some nook or corner where it reposes; some shelf whereon it lies, long, it may be, without recognition; a generation or two may slip away into that oblivion, into the dark spirit of which Sir Thomas Browne so fully entered; but at last its hour arrives, somebody takes it down who is ripe for its reading, and then! We protest in all honesty that we can never watch the launching of such an enterprise as the one before us without a joyful emotion. Sir Thomas Browne is once more started on his travels, and wherever he goes he will meet with his own—men and women into whose ears he will whisper, who will smile at his odd fancies, laugh over his rhapsodies, and respond to that sense of the Infinite and the Unknown which lies brooding over well-nigh every page of his writing. Browne is one of our lucky authors. He has met with his deserts. His countrymen have humoured him to the top of his bent. Dr. Isaac Watts, indeed, took him to task for his "arrogant temerity" in thanking God for having escaped, "amongst those million of vices I do inherit and hold from Adam, the first and father-sin not only of man but of the devil—pride"; but the World has not allowed itself to get agitated over this matter, and has cheerfully allowed to Browne the same wide latitude it has extended to Montaigne, and indeed to every other agreeable egotist. We also count it a great piece of luck to any author to have his life written by Dr. Johnson. Johnson's few pages about Browne are inimitable. Everybody now knows how the manuscript copies of the "Religio Medici" were in circulation, and how Sir Kenelm

Digby asserts that, a copy having come into his hands, he, in the course of one sitting of less than twenty-four hours, was able to compose his "Observations," which extend over thirty closely printed pages of Mr. Wilkins's classical edition of Browne. These "Observations" being advertised in the Press as forthcoming, Sir Thomas, then Dr., Browne addressed a very polite letter to Sir Kenelm Digby, begging him to hold back his publication until its subject had been first delivered to the Press. Sir Kenelm replies in most becoming terms, concluding: "I kiss your hand, and rest your most humble servant." Dr. Johnson sniffs suspiciously at all this, observing, "The reciprocal civility of Authors is one of the most amusing incidents in the farce of life." The Doctor was evidently of the opinion that Digby was Browne's "bonnet" on this occasion.

The charm of the "Religio Medici" lies not in its consecutiveness but in the witchery of particular paragraphs and the poetry of its casual phrases. Mystery and wonder are its prevailing notes. We seem already quit of the shackles of Time and Space:

"And in this sense I say the world was before the creation, and at an end before it had a beginning. And thus was I dead before I was alive; though my grave be England, my dying-place was Paradise; and Eve miscarried of me before she conceived of Cain." "Thus we are men, and we know not how. There is something in us that can be without us, and will be after us, though it is strange that it hath no history what it was before us, nor cannot tell how it entered in us." "Nature is the Art of God." . . . Death, "a pleasant potion of immortality."

Browne, too, has a philosophy—and, one need not add, a mystical philosophy:

"The severe schools shall never laugh me out of the philosophy of Hermes, that this visible world is but a picture of the invisible, wherein, as in a portrait, things are not truly but in equivocal shapes, and as they counterfeit some real substance in that invisible fabrick."—Section xii. "And surely it is not a melancholy conceit to think we are all asleep in this world, and that the conceits of this life are as mere dreams to those of the next, as the phantasms of the night to the conceit of the day. There is an equal delusion in both, and the one doth but seem to be the emblem or picture of the other."—Part II., section xi. And again: "There are, as in philosophy so in divinity, sturdy doubts and boisterous objections wherewith the unhappiness of our knowledge too nearly acquainteth us. More of these no man hath known than myself; which I confess I conquered, not in a martial posture, but on my knees."

Sir Thomas, in his pleasant way, talks a good deal about his knees and his orisons, and was—who can now doubt it?—a man of sincere piety. There have been those who thought otherwise—Salmasius and Buddæus, so at least we read—men who did but impute themselves to our whimsical humorist. Browne makes no great professions of aught but faith:—

"I believe there shall never be an anarchy in Heaven; but as there are hierarchies amongst the angels, so shall there be degrees of priority amongst the saints. Yet it is, I protest, beyond my ambition to aspire unto the first ranks; my desires only are, and I shall be happy therein, to be but the last man, and bring up the rear in Heaven."

Is this humility, or only laziness? There is profundity in the remark: "Now as all that die in the war are not termed soldiers, so neither can I properly term all those that suffer in religion martyrs"; and we cannot but feel his sincerity when he proceeds—

"From the moral duty I owe to the commandment of God, the natural respect that I tender unto the conservation of my essence and being, I would not perish upon a ceremony, political points or indifferency. Nor is my belief of that intractable temper as not to bow at their obstacles, or connive at matters wherein there are not manifest impieties."

Sir Thomas Browne, unlike most prose writers of his age, makes but few quotations in the "Religio Medici." Once or twice a quotation from Shakespeare or Montaigne seems inevitable, but it never comes. Browne's commentator, Mr. Thomas Keck, of the Temple (a truly learned man, who wrote in the year 1644), well observes upon the passage, "I could never divide myself from any man upon the difference of an opinion or be angry with his judgment for not agreeing with me in that from which, perhaps, within a few days I should dissent myself," that it is in the very style, manner, and substance of Montaigne; but for all that Sir Thomas assured us that he was ill-read in Montaigne. As to the extent of Browne's scepticism, as we have already hinted, we are not disposed to hazard any opinion:

"I confess there are in Scripture stories that do exceed the fables of poets, and to a captious reader sound like Gargantua or Bevis."

Well, so there are, and there's an end of it. Of Death, Browne finely says:—

"I honour any man that contemns it; nor can I highly love any man that is afraid of it. This makes me naturally love a soldier, and honour those tattered and contemptible regiments that will die at the command of a sergeant."

Carlyle somewhere says much the same thing, and the thought is dimly in everybody's mind who sees soldiers tramp along the streets.

Sir Thomas is very catholic-minded, but he could not away with the multitude; he calls it "that numerous piece of monstrosity which, taken asunder, seem men, and the reasonable creatures of God, but confused together make but one great beast. It is no breach of charity to call these fools." He adds, "There is a rabble even among the gentry." So it was not mere class prejudice. Of his eloquence it is unnecessary to give examples, so familiar has it happily become. The editor of this new edition is, like his author, a physician, and the biographical introduction leaves nothing to be desired. He has added to the "Religio Medici" the "Christian Morals," the "Urn-Burial," the fragment on "Dreams," and the "Letter to a Friend"—a judicious selection with which no man will quarrel. Browne tells us, "Men's works have an age like themselves, and though they outlive their authors, yet have they a stint and period to their duration. This (the Holy Scriptures) only is a work too hard for the teeth of time, and cannot perish but in the general flames, when all things will confess their ashes." The spacious imagination of the author of "Religio Medici" took in vast periods of history and countless æons of time to come. We will not dispute with him over odd thousands. His bones are now being rudely disturbed in the old church of St. Peter, Norwich, where his "confessed ashes" have for two centuries peacefully lain. The church is in the hands of the restorer; and the rector the other day, with a levity not wholly commendable, jocosely remarked, "They expected to see Sir Thomas again," an observation which hardly contained the "hinting imagery of the resurrection, which is the life of the grave, and sweetens our habitations in the land of moles and pismires." Fortunately Sir Thomas Browne has another resting-place than St. Peter Mancroft: his soul is with the saints, we trust; his books are part of the inheritance of his race.

THE LITERATURE OF INDIA.

A Literary History of India. By R. W. Frazer, LL.B. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

The time has hardly yet arrived when it will be possible to write the definitive history of our Indian Empire. Almost every day fresh information regarding the Hindu period is becoming accessible. On the religious side Professor Max Müller's translations of the Sacred Books of the East are of primary importance: the work of our modern archæologists and numismatists is even of greater value. Only the other day those who have hitherto complacently accepted General Cunningham's identifications of the sites associated with Buddhism were startled by the discovery of Kapilavastu, the birthplace of the Teacher, in the Nepalese Terai. This will involve a revision of the ancient map of Eastern India. So with Mr. V. A. Smith's studies of the Gupta coinage: they have almost reconstructed that

mysterious empire which ruled larger territories than ever owned the sway of the Mogul. But much still remains to be done, and until the finances of the Indian Government admit of a complete investigation of the mounds which hold the secrets of the earlier races, further progress is impossible. Without, for instance, an examination of the Stupas in Swat and Boner—which recent events on the frontier do not tend to facilitate—the history of the northern school of Buddhism will remain an unsolved problem. The same is the case with the Mahomedan period in spite of the labours of Sir H. M. Elliot: and in particular for the century before the commencement of our rule much patient investigation by scholars like Mr. W. Irvine is still necessary. And, finally, when the evidence has been collected, the Indian annalist will be confronted with the difficulty which besets the historian of modern Europe—that of working up into one connected whole the fortunes of Oudh and the Carnatic, Rajputs and Mahrattas, countries and races as distinct as Spain and Scotland, Irishmen and Italians.

Meanwhile there is room for an attempt, such as has been made by Mr. Frazer, towards compiling a popular history from sources which are fairly accessible. By a "literary history" of India we understand him to mean one based on the literature of the country. Now, this might have assumed one of at least two forms: either a history of the authors and their works, or an account of the social and religious progress of the nation as represented in its literature. Both would be in their way valuable, but each requires a distinct method, and in trying to combine them Mr. Frazer has not, we are inclined to think, been so successful as he might have been had he more clearly realised his object. He is obviously more interested in the religious and philosophical than in the social side. But he is curiously insensible of the value of the evidence from folk-lore and tradition. He never, for instance, uses the Panchatantra or the Katha Sarit Ságara, which would have supplied him with much useful illustration. Though he quotes the more prominent writers of the modern school of Indian ethnology, he seems to have imperfectly grasped the conclusions at which they have arrived. He ignores, for instance, Mr. Risley's demonstration that the distinction between Kolarians and Dravidians is linguistic, not ethnic. He has nothing to say about the theory, supported by many plausible considerations, that the Dravidians had their origin in Africa, and passed thence into the Indian peninsula along a submerged continent now represented by Madagascar and smaller island groups in the Indian Ocean. Lastly, he passes by unnoticed the vital fact that the present population of Northern India is practically homogeneous. This once admitted, it becomes necessary to reconsider the whole question of the Aryan invasion. If the existing peoples of Northern India are physically of an uniform type approximating to that of the Dravidians, it follows either that the numbers of the invaders were never considerable, or that they shared the fate of all emigrants from a temperate climate into the Tropics, and became absorbed by the indigenous races whom they found in occupation of the land. This would furnish a reasonable explanation of much of the non-Aryan element, fetishism and the like, in later Hinduism.

Again, while Mr. Frazer has been commendably diligent in exploring the accessible authorities, it is unfortunate that his training and experience have been mainly confined to the races of Southern India. The principles which underlie the history of India can be best understood in the Panjab or the Gangetic Valley, because here it is possible to grasp the results of the conflict of races, Aryan and Dravidian, Musalman and Englishman. Hence, if we notice a certain weakness of treatment in the chapter dealing with the Mogul occupation, the explanation obviously is that the secret of Musalman influence on Hinduism can hardly be learned except by one who has breathed the atmosphere of Delhi, Agra, and Lucknow. The same cause explains the neglect of the story of the eastward and westward movement of the Rajputs—a fact of primary importance, because it moulded that social and agrarian polity which the modern Anglo-Indian has nowadays to face.

With these limitations, added to a slight tendency to exuberance in style, Mr. Frazer's book may be generally commended. It has the distinct merit of presenting a readable account of the progress of Hindu thought as a single, connected whole. It has been too common, for instance, to treat Buddhism as a kind of bolt from the blue, a fresh revelation due to the genius of a single teacher, which owed little or nothing to the work of earlier thinkers, and exercised inconsiderable influence on the ages which followed its extinction as the religion of the State. Mr. Frazer has fairly grasped the more reasonable view that Buddhism was a sect of Hinduism, that the creed of the Teacher was only one of many similar attempts to solve the mystery of life, and that its legitimate offspring was the reformed Brahmanism, which itself largely owed its inspiration to the influence of western thought on Indian thinkers.

THE HEIR APPARENT.

H.R.H. The Prince of Wales. London: Grant Richards.

Was it difficult to write this book? The answer requires consideration. If not published "with authority," it is evidently the work of one who knows the *vie intime* of exalted personages at something more than second-hand. On such a one good taste—to put it no higher — imposed certain limits. There must be no politics, the veil must not be drawn aside too far, the criticism must not be too free—nay, criticism at all were almost out of place; yet there must be no foolish adulation, the hero is not to be "cracked up" for attributes to which he has never made pretension. Not very difficult to lay down these limits, but difficult to make an agreeable, readable, entertaining, useful volume on what remained; but this has been done, and the work is a triumph. It is a record, written well and in good taste, and enlivened by touches of quiet humour which light up what must oft be but a chronicle of junketing. Hegel long ago compared the Sovereign's place in the British Constitution to that of the dot over the letter i—it finishes off and completes the whole, though that whole might exist without it. The Queen's age has naturally thrown a great part of the ceremonial functions of royalty on the Heir Apparent. The task of the Prince is one whose enormous difficulty and importance is only appreciated after some consideration. Most Britons, after the first enthusiasm of youth, view a festive gathering with apprehension. To live in the midst of such might seem terrible, and yet the Prince must do it. We make our future king work hard. In one way he has himself to blame—he is so conspicuous a success in all State functions, in all festive or ceremonial gatherings, that it seems impossible for any great occasion to pass off properly without him. "Such grace had kings when the world began;" such grace is his. That the people of this country are sincerely and enthusiastically loyal is largely due to the personal charm which he has everywhere diffused around him. Suppose a man without tact, without any kindly regard for his future subjects, with a mere desire to follow his own fancies, put in his place, indifference and dislike would at once arise between ruler and ruled, and difficulties of which no man could see the end would start up. This book, at any rate, enables us to catch the spirit with which the Prince sets himself to the task, the perfect success of whose accomplishment we all know.

The book opens with a highly-amusing anecdote. "Is it a boy?" eagerly asked the great Duke of

Wellington of the nurse, Mrs. Lily. "It's a *Prince*, your Grace," answered the justly-offended woman. After all, the lady was right. Every inch a prince then, and ever since. The note of quiet humour is kept up throughout, as here: "His Royal Highness has always shown great interest in Ireland and Irish matters, so much so that it has been more than once whispered that he is a Home Ruler!" a statement which one reads with bated breath. Be that as it may, the following very sensible remark on the visit of the Prince to Ireland in 1885 may be quoted: "It may be added that when the Prince and Princess arrived early in April, 1885, the Nationalist party made no sign, but as there was naturally a great display of rejoicing on the part of the anti-Nationalist citizens, the Press, perhaps unfortunately, chose to regard this reception as a proof that the Home Rulers were wholly discredited." One strong statement in the book will be read with considerable satisfaction. The name of Rothschild means money, and as the Prince was known to be on friendly terms with that nobleman, and as the royal income is by no means enormous in relation to the many calls thereon, it was widely rumoured that the relations between them were those of debtor and creditor. Now, whilst it was obviously impossible, and undesirable if it had been possible, to answer every malicious rumour, it was worth doing, what is here done, repeating authoritatively a statement of Sir Francis Knollys that the Prince is not in debt or in financial embarrassments of any kind. The most amusing anecdote in the book is that which relates a visit to the field of Sedan shortly after the war. The Prince went strictly *incognito*, as he was unwilling to wound French susceptibilities. Through some mistake the party came without ready cash, and had nothing wherewith to pay the hotel bill. The difficulty was solved by the temporary deposit of the royal watch in the local *mont-de-pieté!*

The illustrations are interesting, as they are reproductions of contemporary paintings, and so forth. They are by no means all good; indeed, one, "The landing of the Queen at Aberdeen in 1849," is amusingly atrocious.

THE UNITY OF HISTORY—FOR CHILDREN.

Rome the Middle of the World. By Alice Gardner. London: Edward Arnold.

This is a successful attempt to make children and young readers rise above that bondage to the limited "period," which is doing so much harm to all grades of our history teaching. Miss Gardner rightly believes that even young people can be taught to look upon history as a great whole. After a biographical survey of ancient history, which she has given in another volume, she now tries to present in a clear and attractive form that view of history which has been made widely known through the didactic zeal of the late Mr. Freeman. Rome is the "middle of the world" from the days of the early Empire until the period when the Renascence and the Reformation dealt the last of a long series of fatal blows to the much-enduring theory of Rome's political headship of the universe. There is, of course, nothing original in Miss Gardner's book, and the impatience which even the most long-suffering reviewer cannot but feel in reading the old story all over again has therefore to be struggled against before we can justly estimate its merits. We are sure, however, that Miss Gardner has succeeded in her task. Her style is simple and clear, even when it is perhaps a trifle metallic. She has the gift of orderly exposition; she cleverly avoids allusiveness and, though sometimes wandering into too great detail or into side issues, she manages very successfully to keep her young readers' minds fixed upon the main problems that she analyses with all the skill of a practised teacher. Her facts are unimpeachable for accuracy, while the admirable type and paper, the pretty and tasteful binding, and the beautiful illustrations all help to make the volume attractive. It is a book that will be found useful, and ought to be widely used. We have only one word of warning. Miss Gardner is a lecturer in history at Newnham College, Cambridge. It is a matter of common fame that women have in recent years done as well as could be wished for in class lists and examinations. But the number of the ladies who, after taking high places in examinations, have done solid and original work is still lamentably few. Would it not be a better thing for the higher education of women, and a better way of vindicating for them rights which are still withheld from them, were the teachers of an institution like Newnham to devote their leisure to real research rather than to the compilation of a succession of manuals for the young, or handbooks, or school books? It is by the output of original work rather than by skill in passing examinations and in training others to run the same course that an academical institution ought to be finally judged, and there is no reason why women should be behind in the race, especially when it would not be very hard to come up to the modest standard of research set by the male historian in these islands.

TWO AMERICAN SOCIOLOGISTS.

Practical Idealism. By William De Witt Hyde, President of Bowdoin College. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Social and Ethical Interpretations in Mental Development. A Study in Social Psychology. By James Mark Baldwin, Professor in Princeton University. New York: The Macmillan Co.

These two books have what are commonly supposed to be the good and bad points of American writing. They show anxiety to be on a level with the latest stage of thought and familiarity with the newest treatises; and at the same time they are marked by a certain want of historical spirit. Mr. Hyde is the livelier writer; Professor Baldwin is, perhaps, the more fully informed; but, of course, the scientific topics he deals with call for minuter information.

Let us take first Mr. Hyde's book. It professes to be not a severely technical treatment of philosophy, but a broad statement of a general view, followed by applications to social questions. Philosophic severity has, we allow, been got rid of; but the result is that the social views expressed do not seem to be more related to one philosophic view than to another. Often we agree with the author; sometimes we differ; but the agreement and difference alike seem matters of personal opinion, so little are the author's practical views in logical connection with his theories. We do not say that they are discrepant, but merely that they might have been expressed by anyone without any philosophic preliminaries. For the general reader, probably this will be an attraction. On the subject of education, it seems to us, Mr. Hyde's remarks have much value. They are, generally, in favour of a broader and less mechanical programme for the State schools. The line of reform he advocates for America is, in fact, much the same as that for which Matthew Arnold was always contending in relation to our English Education Department.

On the theory of ethics Mr. Hyde's remarks are not without interest. His defect is want of accurate appreciation of what is not contemporary and what is not of his own school. His position is thus formulated: "Natural appetites and passions have a natural value in themselves, but derive their moral worth from the relation in which they are placed to one another by the reason and will of the self to which they belong." To the different view "that appetites and passions are morally worthless in themselves (which is true) and must remain morally worthless in relations (which is false)" he regards

Stoicism, among other doctrines, as "closely affiliated." Now, as a matter of fact, the Stoic position, in its most general statement, almost coincides with his own formula. The Stoics began with things preferable or the reverse by nature, as the material of choice, the moral good being in the choice. No doubt, as he says, they inclined too much in practice to the extreme of rigorism; but their theoretical view had not quite the narrowness he attributes to it. This example, it may be remarked, is not taken from a school to which Mr. Hyde is specially unsympathetic.

His theoretical philosophy is, on the whole, the least valuable part of his work. When we are told that "good John Locke," though not wanting in spiritual convictions himself, was yet, by the necessary consequence of his doctrine, "the father of British materialism," we know the rest pretty well in advance. If we were to ask whether Locke was not also the father of British idealism, Mr. Hyde would probably tell us that Berkeley was only an "empirical" or a "subjective" idealist, and that, for his part, when he says idealism he means the idealism that starts from Kant and Hegel, and that this is the idealism of his own school. Locke's "clear [why not 'straight-out'?], flat-footed statement" that knowledge has its origin in experiences of sense and reflection was refuted by the proof that intellect cannot be entirely explained from sense. Sensible experience is at first, in Professor James's phrase, "one big, blooming, buzzing confusion." To educe an ordered universe out of this confusion, "the action of the mind upon the sensation" is necessary. But are not "mind" and "sensation," we may ask, when thus opposed, alike abstractions from reality? Is sensation not mental? These further questions may suggest that the positions of Leibnitz and Kant —nay, perhaps, even of the latest exponents of the newest academical school—are no more final than those of "good John Locke."

Professor Baldwin's book continues the studies called "Mental Development in the Child and the Race," which we noticed some time since. From the earlier work he occasionally incorporates passages, recast or not, as the case may be. This leads us to observe that Professor Baldwin's list of published works is a rather long one as compared with the time during which they have been appearing, and that he should beware of book-making. So far as his general theories are concerned, he points out how much they have in common with those of M. Tarde, though in remarking that "the agreement is more a coincidence than a direct connection" he seems rather too desirous of disclaiming an obligation which is perhaps greater than he thinks.

He has, however, really got at the right point of view for considering psychology in its relation to sociology. And his developments in detail are those of a psychological expert. This, we think, was pointed out in the former review. The tendency, then slightly indicated, to neglect everything but the latest treatises has unfortunately become even more conspicuous. Quite rightly, Professor Baldwin finds the true sociological point of view for the psychology of ethics in such writers as "Stephen, S. Alexander, Höffding, Tarde." But then he goes on to contrast this with that of "the egoists, back all the way from the Spencers to the Hobbeses and the Comtes"! This is really—to say nothing of the form of expression—the height of historical injustice. Hobbes was undoubtedly an egoist in this sense, that he thought the rules of morality and the right constitution of the State could only be established by reference to the individual regarded as naturally egoistic. Mr. Spencer's view, however, is entirely opposed to this. He regards it as impossible to construct either ethics or politics without reference to an altruistic nature of the individual as fundamental as the egoistic nature. And, of all modern thinkers, Comte has done most to enforce precisely that view of the relation between society and the individual which Professor Baldwin has assimilated from his own contemporaries. It is Comte who says that not society but the individual is the "abstraction." Has Professor Baldwin ever looked into Comte's sociological work? Where he has picked up the notion that Comte is a representative egoist we can only conjecture—or, rather, we can form no reasonable conjecture.

FICTION.

THE JOY OF MY YOUTH. By Claud Nicholson. London: Elkin Mathews.

THE OUTLAWS OF THE MARCHES. By Lord Ernest Hamilton. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

BY RIGHT OF SWORD. By Arthur W. Marchmont. London: Hutchinson & Co.

THE personal note of a strong individuality rings with strangely insistent iteration through the pages of Mr. Claud Nicholson's remarkable piece of work, "The Joy of My Youth." Little pictures of singular beauty, pictures that haunt the memory long after the book is laid aside, touches of simple human emotion, glimpses of exotic, tempestuous passion—all these, mingling harmoniously in a curious mosaic of episodes, give to the book an air of *bizarre* attractiveness. To sketch the plot of the story—if story, indeed, it can be called—would be a well-nigh impossible task, since it wanders in absolute formlessness, deficent of all convention, sometimes harking back to an earlier stage of the hero's life, sometimes taking a sudden leap forward in a fashion distinctly confusing to the reader. But the spell of the book conquers all prejudice, and one feels that here is actual, palpitating human life; that the author not only feels keenly, but sees vividly and accurately, and that he writes, as it were, with finger on the pulse of humanity itself. Seldom has a more touching picture of childhood been painted them Mr. Nicholson gives us here in the opening chapters of "The Joy of My Youth." Little Cornelius, six years old, crammed full of delicate childish fancies, and dreaming the exquisite dreams of a baby-genius, stands before us in flesh-and-blood reality, while the background of the canvas is filled in with charming bits of scenery—the ramparts, the cathedral, the ancient monastery of quiet St. Yversnon, for the scene is laid in a remote nook of Northern France. And the whole story breathes of youth, the abounding vitality, the self-absorbed intensity of the golden days. Cornelius typifies it all, from the days of his lonely, imaginative childhood, his burning, adventurous boyhood, his eager, intellectual manhood, to the last sad scene, the death among the surroundings of his earlier days. The invincible egotism of the very young dominates this clever and fascinating book from first to last, and gives a curiously individual charm to the personality of the hero, whose broken, disillusioned life it records. Cornelius Cander surprises, even irritates, by his total inconsequence of action and the frivolity of many of his proceedings, particularly in his relations with some of the women who cross his path; but of his absolute reality one never doubts. He is youth incarnate, and for so subtle and difficult a piece of analysis, carried out with such brilliant effectiveness, gratitude is imperative upon the reader of this captivating book. We shall look with expectation for Mr. Nicholson's next production.

In "The Outlaws of the Marches" Lord Ernest Hamilton has undoubtedly produced a story of real merit of its kind. No doubt his inspiration is due to the earlier efforts of Mr. Crockett. The trail of "The Raiders" is over the whole plot. But Lord Ernest is not a mere copyist, and he has given us a powerful and interesting story of adventure on the borderland between England and Scotland which, in the days of James I., was still a refuge for outlaws and robbers. The adventures of the hero—his love adventures more particularly—are told with genuine spirit, whilst the historical characters

introduced are sketched with sufficient vigour and firmness. The battles of the Elliotts and the Armstrongs, their quarrellings and their love-makings, their piratical raids into England and their fierce struggle against the constituted authorities, are depicted for us on a glowing canvas, whilst here and there we come upon touches that give the book a certain distinction of its own, and entitle it to a favourable verdict from the critic. Trimmie Armstrong is not the heroine of the story, but she certainly ought to have been. Her method of making love in the fearless old fashion to Gavin Elliott, the hero, has an irresistible attraction for the reader, even as it evidently has for the writer of the story, and we should gladly have seen her spared the violent fate which at last overtakes her. But her life and ways are in keeping with the time and scenes in which she moves, and her story, tragical though its end may be, gives additional attraction to a decidedly attractive tale.

Russia has furnished the scene of another story of adventure, of exceptional merit. There are some blemishes in the plot of "By Right of Sword." The "long arm of coincidence," for example, is stretched unduly in the opening chapter of the book, when Hamylton Tregethner, the English hero, who has fled to Russia because a woman has betrayed him, meets in the railway station at Moscow a young Russian officer who resembles him so closely in appearance that nobody can tell the difference between them, and who is at that moment trying to escape from Moscow in order to avoid a duel. Alexis Petrovitch, the officer in question, is one of the most despicable of men. He is a coward, a liar, a gambler, and a profligate. But he has a beautiful sister, and for her sake, after hardly a minute's hesitation, Tregethner agrees to change places with Petrovitch, and to allow the latter to escape from Russia as an Englishman, whilst he himself remains behind as an officer in a Russian regiment. A large demand is made upon the reader's credulity when he is asked to believe that this fraud is carried out with such success that even the fellow-officers of Petrovitch have no suspicion of the truth; but when once this is taken for granted the tale becomes one of genuine interest and variety. Petrovitch, as we have said, was a coward as well as a profligate, and he was heartily despised by his fellow-officers. His object in flying from Russia was to avoid a duel to which he had been challenged by the bully of the regiment, a certain Major Devinsky, noted for his skill in swordsmanship. When the English double of Petrovitch appears on the spot appointed for the duel, everybody is amazed, for no one had believed that the man would have the courage to fight. The amazement is increased when the sham Petrovitch disarms Devinsky, and then, instead of killing him, marks his contempt for the bully by striking him with the flat of his sword across the face. After this incident people begin to believe that they have been making a great mistake as to the real character of Petrovitch. Unfortunately for his representative, the wretched Russian was implicated in many different affairs. He was deep in debt; he was the lover of the wife of the Prefect of Police, and he was a Nihilist. There is no need to say that in these circumstances the Englishman had a very bad time of it. Being a man of means, he got rid of his double's creditors, but it was not so easy to shake off the lady, who believed him to be her ardent lover of old; whilst the Nihilists speedily made themselves unpleasant to him in their most approved fashion. In short, Mr. Hamylton Tregethner, by his change of identity, found himself involved in an almost hopeless web of intrigue, plot, and counterplot. That he wins through it all satisfactorily in the end the reader may take for granted, but he does not do so until he has passed through a whole chapter of complicated adventures, any one of which might well have ended fatally. As an exciting bit of melodrama the book will bear comparison with any work of its class.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

The Marquis of Lorne at one time or another has tried his hand at poetry, biography, travel, and political exposition, but we venture to think that his latest and least ambitious book, "Adventures in Legend," is far and away the most satisfactory of the noble lord's adventures in literature. Lord Lorne has woven together a goodly number of the strange romantic stories which yet linger by the firesides of the Western Highlands. He has had ample opportunity of becoming acquainted with the folk-lore of the clansmen, and he has done good service by giving literary shape to fantastic tales of love and war which seem likely to vanish away with the advent of modern ideas and the growth of modern customs in the Highlands. He states that the traditions of a long succession of centuries, which make up the volume, have been gathered from the lips of the people, and that the only changes introduced have been made when the Gaelic idioms employed were too obscure for ordinary people. No doubt there is truth in the assertion that such tales add life to the dry bones of history, and it is equally true that these romantic local annals are due to the absence of knowledge among the peasantry. "It is to their ignorance of English that we owe the retention in memory of these tales in Gaelic. Had the people been able to read English books and newspapers these stories would not have survived. Oral recitation, by which they were carried on from generation to generation, lived only because the power of reading had not been born." Lord Lorne thinks that the very barriers of language became the defences of memory, and that the lack of literature saved as literature legends half mythical and half historical, but wholly valuable as aids to the interpretation of a sombre, emotional, superstitious race. These "Adventures in Legend" are often marvellous, but they throw light on Scottish life during centuries not always far apart from the present, but which seem to lie strangely remote in custom and outlook from the restless, prosaic, modern world.

Mr. Gissing has just contributed to the Victorian Era Series a critical study of "Charles Dickens." The plan of the book seems to us slightly confused, but its freshness, insight, and vigour are undeniable. Everybody will not, of course, agree with some of its judgments on men and women in the marvellous portrait gallery which the genius of Dickens created. Personal preferences must be allowed, whether in print or in conversation; and Mr. Gissing, though sometimes energetic in the assertion of his views, is never dogmatic or intolerant. He gives, moreover, in most cases, with pithy incisiveness of phrase, a reason for the faith that is in him; and whether we accept it or not, it is impossible not to admit that it is convincingly stated. He understands both the poverty-stricken and the shabby-genteel classes of society in London which Charles Dickens loved to depict. "The social changes of the last sixty years are not small; but to anyone who really knows the lower middle class in London it will be obvious that many of the originals of Dickens still exist, still pursue the objectionable or amusing tenor of their way, amid new names and new forms of ugliness. Sixty years ago grotesques and eccentricities were more common than nowadays. The Englishman, always angular and self-assertive, had grown flagrant in his egoism during the long period of combat with menacing powers; education had not set up its grindstone for all and sundry; and persons esteemed odd even in such a society abounded among high and low. For these oddities, especially among the poorer folk, Dickens had an eager eye; they were offered to him in measure overflowing. Nowadays he would have to search for them amid the masses drilled into uniformity; but there they are, the same creatures differently clad." Dickens took up his pen, Mr. Gissing thinks, at a time when almost everything was ugly in English society—religion, law, the relations between rich and poor, furniture, clothes, and what not. Not even the genius of so great a novelist could have made all this attractive if Charles Dickens had lacked the saving grace of humour; and yet even that only half explains, as these pages show, the secret of his power. Stress is laid by Mr. Gissing on the true and deep sympathy with childhood which Dickens manifested—a sympathy, by the way, which was sometimes the snare of his art. No doubt, from the point of view of political economy, the great novelist was ill-advised in his impulsive, sentimental ideas of private benevolence and promiscuous alms-giving. As a level-headed bit of criticism this estimate of the work of Charles Dickens in English fiction and society is admirable.

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* Adventures in Legend. By the Marquis of Lorne, K.T. Illustrated. London: Archibald Constable & Co.

Charles Dickens: a Critical Study. By George Gissing. London, Glasgow and Dublin: Blackie & Son.

A Student's History of the United States. By Edward Channing. Maps and Illustrations. New York and London: The Macmillan Company.

The Church's Opportunity, and Other Essays. By the Rev. Mordaunt Crofton. London: Elliot Stock.

Records of Old Times. Historical, Social, Political, Sporting, and Agricultural. By J. Kersley Fowler, (Rusticus), Author of "Echoes of Old Country Life," etc. Illustrated. London: Chatto & Windus.

"The Gentleman's Magazine" Library. English Topography. Part X. Shropshire—Somersetshire. Edited by F. A. Milne, M.A. London: Elliot Stock.

Professor Channing, of Harvard, has done excellent service by writing, out of the fulness of his knowledge, a critical and comprehensive "Student's History of the United States." In spite of all that has been written on the wonderful political and industrial development of America there was ample room for a succinct and philosophical survey of the facts and forces which have determined and shaped Republican government in the New World. Professor Channing says with truth that it is impossible for anyone to understand the beginnings of organised and independent government on the other side of the Atlantic unless he takes the trouble to master the political and constitutional history of colonial times. It is equally impossible to understand the territorial development of the United States without some intelligent acquaintance with the epoch of discovery, exploration, and tentative settlement. The United States is so vast a region that physical geography cannot for a moment be ignored in dealing with it in its entirety. These considerations have avowedly determined the form and proportions of the present narrative. Out of the six hundred pages which form the text of the book, three hundred and fifty are concerned with the annals of the nation since 1783, but nothing that is essential in the previous history of America appears to have been forgotten. At the beginning of each chapter Dr. Channing gives a list of books for consultation, and this in turn is followed by other lists which point advanced students to the original materials of history, as well as to books which illustrate at different periods the manners and customs of the people. There are maps and illustrations in this scholarly and thoroughly valuable work of reference.

Mr. Mordaunt Crofton's booklet is a fervent appeal to the Church of England to set her house in order before the agitation for Disestablishment revives. He especially wishes to see her deal with social questions, instead of narrowing herself—as too many of her younger clergy seem to desire—into a mere rigid Anglican sect. He suggests, moreover, that special training might be given to candidates for ordination in "social work," and that their attention might be directed to the great problems which they will daily have to face. We think he tends to overlook the fact that many University candidates for Orders do get this training, to some extent, through "University Settlements" and College Missions; and we fear that the solutions are not so easily to be found as he seems to imply. Nor do we think it would be well for the Church of England's own sake, or for society's, that her clergy should all be pledged to one policy and one set of solutions. But we trust, nevertheless, that "sound Churchmen" will read his burning words and consider their own ways, and also the responsibilities entailed upon them by the claim of the Establishment to be the Church of the nation at large.

Distinctly a pleasant book, full of agreeable rattle, is Mr. J. K. Fowler's "Records of Old Times." The book is dedicated to Lord Rothschild, and is largely concerned with rural life and country sports in the neighbourhood of the Chiltern Hills at the other end of the century. Mr. Fowler is old enough to remember the old posting days and the lively, leisured life which the prosaic iron horse rendered impossible. He has good stories to tell about the steeplechases of his youth, the roomy old-fashioned inns of Buckinghamshire and the amenities of the hunting-field. He is old-fashioned enough to detest what he calls the modern Frenchified word "hotel," and he protests that modern men fail to realise the great place in English society which was filled prior to Waterloo by the ancient inns—not of court, but often of courtship, which flourished at stated intervals along the dusty turnpike roads, which in those days carried the wealth, fashion, beauty, and commerce of the country. In politics, the innkeepers were quick and powerful, and in no sense to be despised by the wayfaring man, even though a Cabinet Minister. The landlord of an inn like "The White Hart" at Aylesbury was in those days a man of substance, who owned from six hundred to a thousand horses, and was on familiar terms with peers and peasants. Such men were generally stoutly Whig or strongly Tory, for political feeling ran high, and birds of a feather flock together. Probably some eager politicians in these days would find it difficult to describe what constituted the political franchise of the potwallopers—a class of voters who are commonly supposed to be as extinct as the dodo. It is surprising to learn, however, that one voter is still alive who retains this privilege—a Mr. John Webb, of Aylesbury, who is ninety-six years of age. There are some lively reminiscences in the volume of the humours of a contested election in the reign of William IV. The poll for boroughs lasted a week, and that for counties sometimes a fortnight, so that there was plenty of time as well as temptation for much rough horse-play. This kind of gossip fills not a few of these entertaining pages, and for the rest the book is racy of the soil.

The annals of Shropshire and Somersetshire are sufficiently bulky to fill the latest volume of Mr. Laurence Gomme's "*Gentleman's Magazine* Library." The old mansions of both counties fall to some extent within the survey, and one of the most interesting sketches is concerned with Boscobel House, a place of historical interest in connection with Charles II. Many questions of archæological value are suggested by the picturesque notes concerning places and buildings which abound in this admirably compiled and edited work of reference.

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